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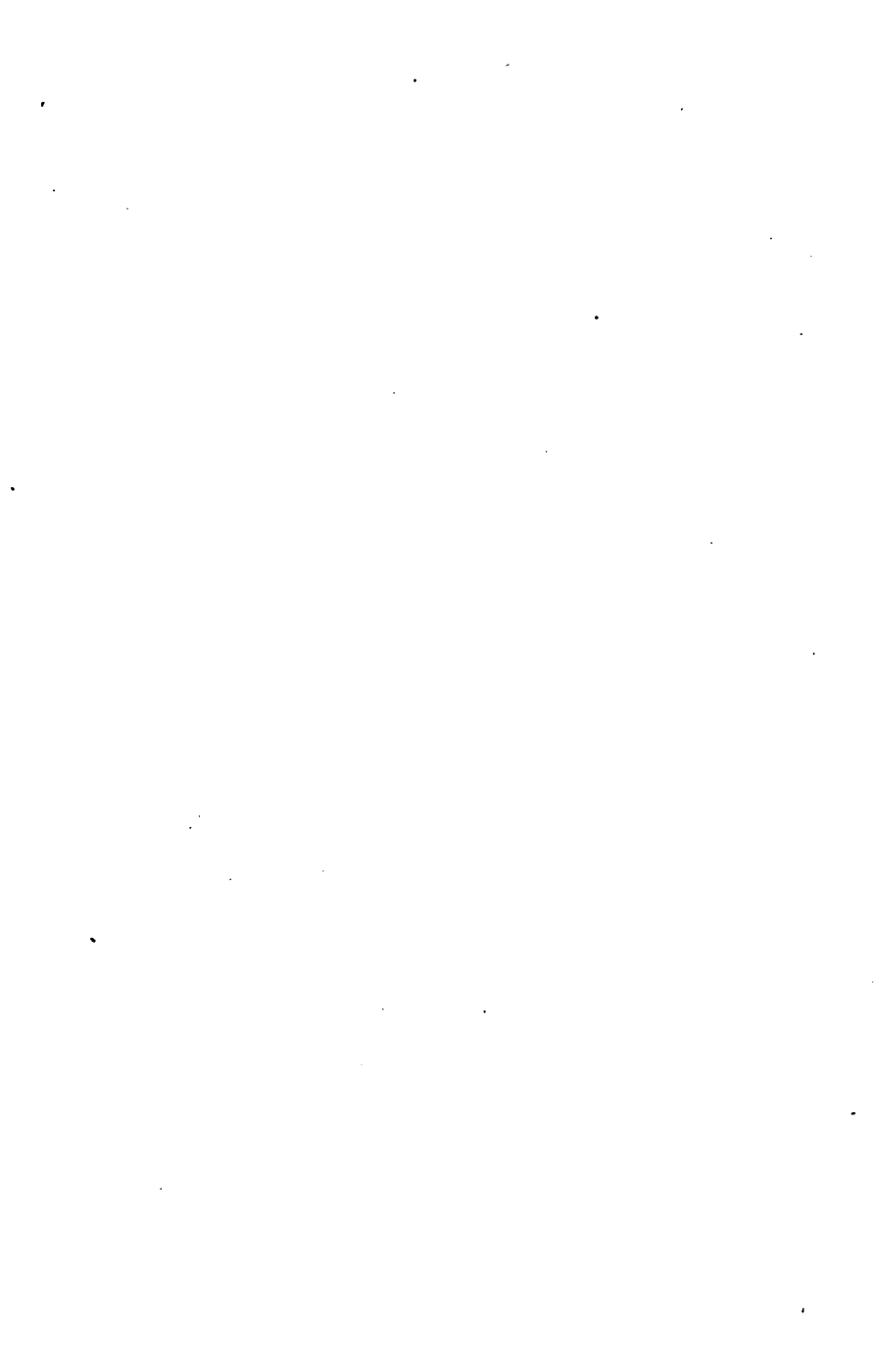
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BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING.

BY

HUDSON AND EMMA TUTTLE.

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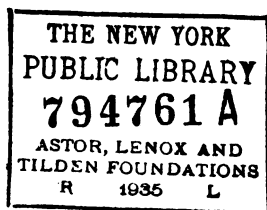
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P R O E M .



We never climbed Parnassian heights;
We never drank Castalian wine;
Our wings are plumed for common flight,
And though we rise, we may not shine.

We met; our souls together flowed;
Prose failed our rapture to express,
And Poesy was born, and grew
A petted child by our caress.

Great is the love we bear this child;—
Each old crow has the blackest brood,
And every owl herself beguiles,—
Hers are the belle owls of the wood.

The child of ours is none the less,
And none the more because 'tis ours;
We are not partial, we profess!
'Tis young, and now goes gathering flowers.

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BLOSSOMS OF OUR SPRING.



AMERICA: A NATIONAL POEM.

I.

“BENEATH Time’s mossy steps, the mighty Past
A battered giant lies. The great of earth
Have sunk like cresting foam engorged within
The common flood of life. Nations have passed
Before my vision like a magic show,
A moment flashing in great brilliancy,
Then fading into gloom; and others came
And went, while in the van the hero strode
Across the reeking world, which shouted loud
The praise of him whose crimson hands had plucked
A kingly diadem, o’er trampled slaves.
Empires are wrecked, and States now stranded lie
Along Time’s coast as thick as ocean’s shells!
For all my labors to avert the storms,
And guide the nations from the rocks and shoals,
They, arrow-like, have sped to meet their doom.”
Beneath the Forum thus moaned Liberty.
A mighty Congress ’neath its shade had met;

Sages of olden times, who, wise on earth,
Were wise, as spirits, in angelic lore,
Gleaned from the study of a thousand years.

Time does not carry from the needy world
Its master minds ; they only pass from view ;
The dark, thin veil of death, like iron wall,
Excludes their spirit forms from mortal eyes ;
But as with anxious eye they watch the world,
They are not idle, but above the war
They gather to direct the shafts of right,
And guide its leaders on to victory.
When Death withdraws the mighty chief from view,
His people place him in the starry sky,
And pay devotion at his hallowed shrine,
For he is with them. He receives their prayers,
And strives to answer all their high desires —
Avert the famine, and to stay the plague,
Divert from war, and overcome the wrong.

There was Confucius, and older yet,
Menu, and those who wrote the Shasters' laws,
And Zoroaster, who, with pen of fire,
Inscribed the holy Zend, and lit the flame
Of solar worship in the Orient Land ;
And Hebrew Moses, who, with daring hand,
The wisdom of the Ganges and the Nile
Embodied in the burning Sinaian code ;
Pythagoras and Plato, who first lit

The torch of science in the Grecian clime,
And high-browed Socrates, of eagle eye,
Solon of Athens, and the Spartan Sage,
And all the Bruti of the tortured past.
Their massive brows inclined like ripened corn,
O'erfreight with thought, and plans too intricate
For mortal minds to grasp. From their deep eyes
Looked out intelligence and conscious power,
As glory looketh from the pulsing stars.
Omnipotence of will, and active strength,
Fired them with zeal and noble daring, which
Would ride the fiercest tempest that e'er swept
The sea of human life.
They met in stern debate, on plans matured,
To overturn the world, and found anew
Its nationalities.

Liberty ruled

Those giant minds; she on an azure throne
Reclined. On one hand Hope, next to her right
The Genius of the Nations stood; above
Was Justice; at her feet was Right divine.

Ah, Liberty! thou art the Nations' hope!
For thee they rush into the jaws of war,
Upon thy altar immolate their braves,
And let grim Want and Pestilence devour
Them piece by piece, unmoved as Spartan youth.
Thy praise is anthemed on Creation's harp;
The warblers chant; 'tis whispered by the winds;

The sea e'er speaks it to the sounding shore ;
It beams in light, and twinkles from the stars.
As man's crushed heart beats out the march of life,
With low and muffled beats, he hears thy voice.
His frenzied brain his nerveless arm inspires
To crush the tyrant's throne, and send him forth
Howling across the purple waves of death ;
Thy name the magic word, the sesame
To happiness. Thou bidd'st the nations " rise ! "
Men leave the plough in furrow half complete,
The shop, the factory, the harvest field.
Thy voice transmutes the tiller of the soil
Into the fearless warrior, the plough
Into a sword, engines into cannon,
Steam into powder, iron into ball,
And sends him like a blazing meteor,
Rushing to death or victory. Then thrones,
Reared on thy prostrate form, are o'erthrown ;
The robber-rulers welter in their gore,
While high above the mingling cries and groans,
Far louder than the cannon's thunders crash,
Thy name is shouted to the smoky skies.

The Genius of the Nations then arose.
Her will was meekness, but her iron hand
Wrenched human efforts to her divine plans,
And on her breath whole nations onward swept,
Like argosies, which leave the sheltering port.
With flashing eye and burning force she spoke : —

“ Oft have you seen me throw my azure flag
Far in advance, and call the lagging world ;
And you have seen the monster, Ignorance,
With greedy jaws devour my cherished hopes.
I flung my banner to the winds of Ind,
And sought to build my empire in that clime ;
But priestly rule, and kingly craft accursed,
My purpose thwarted by their simoom breath.
I fled the banyan shade, the Shasta race ;
And where soft zephyrs waved the feathery palms,
Which in luxuriance shade the teeming Nile,
Again my banner floated on the winds.
In vain ! The nation crumbled from my grasp ;
In desolation its great cities sit,
Its holy shrines keep vigils through the years
Of centuries — ghosts of departed might !
I grasped my staff and fled a weary way.
A rude and savage race, hemmed in by waves,
I rallied to the strife. Time turned his glass,
Which measures centuries slow creeping on,
Before the Grecians smiled in power,
And with their gallant deeds entranced the world.
As one, from deep abyss to mountain heights
Transported, views the nether world until
His head grows giddy, so my petted Greeks
Saw from their acme all the neighboring States
So far beneath them that they giddy grew ;
The sages staggered 'neath the Empire's weight,
Then sage and hero 'neath its ruins fell.

Then gathering from the crumbling mass my gems,
O'er Italy I sowed the golden grain,
And to the harvest feast all nations came.
Rome towered above her neighbors, as the oak
Its haughty arms waves in the clouds above
The moss which clothes its roots. Embassies came
From the remotest climes. The fur-clad Goth,
Far to the North; the sun-burned Ethiop;
From India to western Thule rang
The awful thunder of the Forum's voice;
Her legions thundered on the Appian Way;
They like a locust-cloud devouring rushed
On blooming countries flecked with villages,
And cities grand, and ate them all to feed
Her giant frame. Her golden Eagle spread
Its victor wings among the Alpine snows
And torrid sands. Far in the icy North,
And burning South, its screams were heard above
The vanquished nations which its talons tore.
Rome like a canker spread among mankind,
Gnawing the vitals of her sister States,
Until diseased in every pore and vein,
She sank beneath the angry Northern wave.
Although her worshipped form, bejewelled o'er
With spoils of nations which her strength had won,
Sank resurrectionless, her spirit rose,
And plumed itself above her death-clasped form,
And soared away.

“I mourned in silence; all

The trembling hopes which my maternal heart
Had wreathed about my children sank in death.
Where could I rest ? As homeless as the wind,
I sighed as wildly. For a time I slept
Sweetly, unmindful of provincial feuds
And clannic wranglings, blighting Europe's plains.

“Upon an island in a stormy sea,
Among a race of savage men, I woke ;
The clefts of rocks, the hollow trees, their homes.
Clad in the robings of the forest beasts,
With language rude, and gesture wild and fierce,
They meetly graced their uncouth covering.
But, shaded by their matted locks, I saw
A brow of godlike outline, towering up,
Bold as the white cliffs of their native isle.
I hoped again ; I knew they could defend
My throne with brawny strength and iron force.
Into their veins I dashed the Norman pride,
The Angle's fire, the Saxon's gallantry,
Drawing from each a draught of royal blood,
Compounding all to make a perfect whole ;
Yet far the real from the model sought !
Accursed Tyranny my way so hedged,
And Ignorance set on her yelping brood.”

“The Past

Is but a failure,” Liberty rejoined.
“Within the mellow soil have always lurked
The seeds of Error, nursed by love of eld,

Ready to burst into luxuriance.
Men cling to ancient thought fanatically;
And while they Liberty exalt to heaven,
The blood of tyrants rankles in their veins,
Breeding corruption and the Nation's death."

Then spoke a Sage, upon whose kingly brow
A score of centuries in grandeur sat :
"The soil is barren in this time-worn realm,
Where chains have clanked, and lordly rulers trod
Upon a carpet warped with human souls,
Until men love their pains, and toss their hands
In joy to greet Oppression's victory.
The air is tainted with obnoxious breath,
The sea is purple with the martyr's life,
And every rood of European coast
Is monumented for her slaughtered sons.

"Ah ! Genius of the Nations, why remain ?
Britannia, thy latest child, surfeits
In pride, and rides to empire on wide seas
Of blood. Thy only hope, thy last attempt ?
Ah ! when this Babylon becomes a pool
Pregnant with monsters, wallowing in decay,
Whence wilt thou flee ?"

"Whence ?" said a seer renowned ;
"My prophet-glance a scene of war reveals ; —
In Britannia's lap the East and West
Their countless treasures pour, while she becomes

Lost to that justice State should render State,
And from her throne, upon the murmuring sea,
Looks down upon the world in potent pride,
Heaping her insults on the strong and weak.

“Her cannoned navies spin a subtile web,
While she, the cunning spider, waits her prey.
Her robes are scarlet with her children's blood;
No dust e'er gathers in her cannon's throats,
But constantly they crash in distant realms.
From thither Freedom's Ægis must be borne,
And planted in a new and virgin soil,
Where rampant Error has not sowed the plague
Ready to blight our children ere they're born.
Here comes a messenger from Occident,
Who brings us tidings of a virgin world.”

The messenger approached, and in their laps
An ear of Indian corn he graceful cast:
Thou Nation's Goddess and great Sages met!
From the far North, where icebergs guard the pole,
'Cross torrid heat to the antarctic zone,
A continent lies floating on the sea,
Inhabited by savage men, to war
And daring chase devoted. They but waste
The bounties Nature lavishly bestows.
Colossal in her beauty, she awaits
Thy coming as the bride awaits her lord;
Her sea-like lakes, where glides the light canoe,

Would float the combined navies of the world ;
Her monarch mountains, were they bled, would pour
A golden river in a nation's lap ;
Her rivers vasty, marching to the sea,
Would float the commerce of a mighty realm.
She is all thine ; hence to her virgin bowers
Let the broad ocean sever from restraint
The hardy souls who rally to thy staff !
Go plant thy standard where the red man's yell
Rings harshest discord through the forest aisles,
And cry aloud, " Come hither, tortured sons,
And rear a noble State ! "

Born in the East, I've sought the setting sun !
States flourish at my feet ; my path is marked
By wreck of States and Empires in decay.
I've hopeful gazed across Atlantic's brine,
And sought to fly beyond to genial climes.
But how shall Europe's lethic sleep be broke ?
Who bear my standard o'er the world of waves ?

" Better to trust your Ægis to the waves,"
The messenger replied, " than wrestle here,
With inborn tyranny and feudal rights.
Five hundred years ago the daring Norse,
Drifted by storms, in safety moored his bark
Among the vineyards of our Western isles.
The trees were bending with the purple grape ;
The shore was studded with the antlered deer,

And bounteous Nature, in her lavish mood,
Her treasures poured as water on the land.
He firmly thought 'twas Odin's beauteous realm,
And oft his shallop ploughed the western wave."

I know of one who trembles 'neath the truth
That India lies within the golden West ;
It stalks athwart his brain like wolf 'mong lambs,
And eats all other thoughts. To it he pays
Daily devotion ; hourly prays that he
May seize the treasure ere 'tis snatched away.
Born on the sea, a toyer with its foam,
Danger his wedded bride, his iron will
Untamed by fear, will grasp th' obedient helm,
And, as a spirit when released from earth
Flies heavenward to its godlike destiny,
Will sail his ship straight to the visioned shore.

He, wrapped in slumber, lay upon the deck
Of coasting shallop on the Ægean Sea,
While on the waves Italia's moonlight fell
Soft as the radiance of angel land ;
From off the slumbering isles the scented gale
Stole sweet as murmured love. A spirit came —
The spirit of a Northman chieftain came —
And whispered to the dreamer, " Wake ! O, wake !
Why waste thy life upon an inland lake,
When laurels wait thee on the Ocean's wave ?
Far to the West the lost Atlantis lies,

And Europe looks to thee to bear the trust
Of Freedom to its shore. Why pause in doubt?
The globe is round, and if there is no land
Sitting above the waters, as I say,
You can return by following the sun;
Or if you perish on the storm-swept sea,
The ocean waves will monument your grave,
And chant your requiem eternally.
You cannot fail, when I, in rough-hewn skiff,
Oft braved the waves, and safely reached its shore.
You'll tread the foamy carpet of the storm
As dancing girl trips o'er the sanded floor
When gusts of music rock her airy form.
Stretch forth your hand, an effort which, put forth,
Will throw your name, resplendent as a star,
To ages countless as the waves which dance
Beneath the moonlight of this rippling sea."

He woke! his temples wet with dew, his heart
Throbbing affrighted at the dawning task.
"Is this a fancy!" he exclaimed, "or truth!"
"Truth!" echoed o'er the waters from the shore.
Profoundest silence reigned, except the waves,
In playful humor toying with the prow,
And gentle murmur of propitious winds.

Since then his mind has never peaceful slept —
For all his waking hours are filled with dreams,
And sleep allays them not, His brain is fired,

And he can never rest until he drinks
An opiate among the Indian isles.

“He is our hero,” Liberty rejoined:
“Hence, messengers! and hover round the thrones
Of kings and rulers, and report their words.”

II.

Another Messenger was there, unseen,
Grim-visaged, matted-locked, and auger-eyed;
A demon sent to watch the throbbing heart
Of earth, and stifle Freedom's heavenly fire.
He wore the stamp of tyrant on his brow,
In characters of blood. Corruption dwelt
Within his bloated form, which, carrion-like,
Tainted the air with pestilential breath.
He heard no more. To where his rulers held
Their damning court, he, like a black crow, sped.

Their court was held within a shrine of Nile —
A temple pyramid, which lonely sat
In mournful silence in a desert waste —
A monument of Tyrants' lust and crime —
A harp on which the desert winds have sighed,
Four thousand years, a requiem to power,
Nobility, and greatness ever fled.
Watched by the Sphinx, it crumbled 'neath the tread
Of centuries, which o'er it eager sped.
Hewn from the concrete blood and sweat of slaves

Torn from their homes to sweat beneath the lash,
It was a fitting court for those who loathed
Their God, Humanity, and Human Rights.
There met the lovers of the hoary Past,
Dwelling among its dust, yet fierce to rule
The Present by its code of blood and fire —
Old Ignorance controlled the fiery throng.
Her wrinkled brow was wreathed with midnight shades;
An idiotic smile played on her lips,
Illumining her half-shut, leaden eyes;
Her pride was fathomless as her conceit;
Though knowing nothing, she all things professed;
In folly, boasting that she could not see.
She scoffed at Learning as a worthless toy,
And Sages scorned, as wizards plotting ill;
The wisest men were fools in her conceit,
And 'gainst them she her savages arrayed,
To quench the fires of Science with their blood.

Beside sat Tyranny in sullen gloom;
His viperous eyes were bloodshot; on his brow —
Low and retreating — fell his crispy locks;
Thick-set with jagged teeth, his yawning mouth
Seemed like the entrance to a gloomy cave,
While round his bloated limbs a crimson robe,
Blushing for shame, was loosely thrown, its folds
Polluted by the blood of myriads slain.
His hand of iron grasped a nine-strand lash,
And never ceased to beat the crowd of slaves

Who wore his manacles. Strewn at his feet
Were chains and legal scrolls ; laws made for Right,
But giving all the power to Might ; unjust
To all except his kindred sharks and wolves ;
Hereditary patents, title deeds,
Contracts and laws of every shade and hue,
On which he looked with haughty pride. His racks
And gibbets in the distance loomed, — scarecrows
Of death, with guillotine and dungeon vaults,
By which he strove to keep mankind at bay,
And crush beneath his feet the rebel, Truth.

Upon the other side was Bigotry, —
A croaking beldam in a filthy garb,
Blar-eyed, decrepit, and her venom'd breath
More withering than breeze by Upas kissed.
She preached and prayed, and called on God for help
To stain her hands with sinless martyrs' blood.
She crushed her victims 'neath the horrid wheel,
Or bound them, quivering, in the fagot's flame,
And asked Jehovah's blessings on her acts !
Friend against friend she turned ; home against home ;
Child against parent ; nation against nation ;
And fanned the flame of war to lava heat.
Corruption festered where her seeds were sown,
The saint transforming into blackest fiend,
Moulding the purest heart for blackest hell.
"Believe with me, or bear my curse," she growled ;
"Those who believe not must expect to bear

The punishment Intolerance will deal."
She stands with dripping sword in air upheld,
Ripe for the deadly stroke, athirst for blood
Of those who dare their manhood to assert.

The shepherd kings were there, who crushed the sons
Of Egypt till their blood as freely flowed
As wine rills from the press ; and the long line
Of Babylonish kings from Nimrod's time ;
And Scorpion Alexander, who so stung
The nations, venomous as asp, then died
As dies a brute, corrupted and despised :
The Cæsars, too, who crushed their country's heart,
Grasping for empire over freemen's heads —
All those who trampled upon human rights —
More savage than the half-fed winter wolf,
More frightful than hyena 'mong the tombs.
War met in council, framing schemes to thwart
The Genius of the Nations in her plans,
And with their sin-scorched systems bind the world.
As well might they the sun at morning bind,
And plunge the world in one eternal night,
As manacle the Liberty of earth.
The morning breaks ! bright smiles the regal sun,
Pouring a deluge on the howling crowd ; —
Plans numerous had issued from their brains, ~
Like imps from frightful caves, and were arrayed
For them to make a choice. At length they chose.
Old Ignorance and Bigotry must blight

The purposes of those who dare to think
And act against the usage of the Past.
They must be sent, one to inflame the love
Of antiquated laws, and teach that God
Enshrines his Godship in a holy book,
Which teaches all mankind should seek to know;
The other fiend to weave an ebon pall
Around the throne of kings, no eye could pierce,
To blind the Sages, and destroy the Truth.

As two black birds of night on heavy wing,
They on their mission passed the airy waste.
They sat in council when COLUMBUS bowed
Before the learned. Success their efforts crowned!
The Sages paused, as dignity required,
Then sneered contemptuously and mocked the fool!

So has it been from early times. The New
Must fight the battle with the hoary Old,
Slaying or being slain. The very earth,
From pole to pole, is stained with Heroes' blood.
Ah, Fate! why is it that the man who gives
Birth to a new and holy Truth, must be
Dragged by a mob before some Pilate's throne,
Before his fledgling can unfold its wings,
And scatter blessings on a needy world!

Breathless, but hopeful, Liberty had watched
Each thwarted effort in her darling cause;

No supine mourner over plans which failed,
But drinking energy from each defeat.
She next determined to achieve her end,
By drawing Castile's Rulers to her aid.

A mellow moonlight bathed the dewy world,
Investing it with Eden beauty. Soft
Her choicest beams glimmered about the walls
Within which Slumber, with her death-like wing,
Hung o'er the couch of Royalty. The Queen
Was chained in dreamless sleep. " 'Tis meet,"
Said Liberty, kneeling beside her couch,
"That mind as pure as thine should harbor dreams."
Her fingers on the pallid brow she placed —
Her thoughts ran off into the passive brain.
She tossed upon a storm-racked sea, her boat
A deckless skiff! The angry lightnings leaped
The billows' crests, and sea and sky combined
In terrifying night. Day came to show
A boundless waste — anon night came again,
And threw her starless mantle o'er the world;
And morning came, but still she drifted on,
A helpless waif upon the sparkling brine.
Night came again with weeping clouds of rain.

Far o'er the flood there came a gleam of light, —
From whence? If it had gleamed from Aiden's shore,
'Twould less have gladdened her despairing heart.
It gave her strength! she rose, the tiller grasped,

And shot her shallop towards the growing light.
Ah, joy! it neared a shore. What shore? her own?
No, but an unknown tropic clime!

She woke;

Success was wrought; the attending goddess smiled:
"Vision, thy meaning is to me revealed!"
And when Columbus came, to him she said:
"I grant thy wish. Go, get thee ships, and grasp
The laurel wreath to crown thy godlike brow,
And wake, as long as Ocean laves the shore,
Ecstatic Nations' praises to thy name."

III.

The haze of Autumn settled on the hills,
And over Palos' waters hung a veil,
That bay unruffled as the arch above,
In which the fleecy clouds, like islands, swam.
The swan-like ships received its fond caress,
With wings half-spread to catch the truant gale.
Prophetic fire gleamed in Columbus' eye:
His heart, tumultuous as Atlantic, throbbed
As to his native land he said good by.
"My noble Queen, my heart swells like yon deep
With gratitude no words can ever name;
If Destiny successful crowns my plans,
Into thy lap I'll pour the wealth of Ind:
And now I feel a power Jehovah gives
Thrill every nerve, and beat in every pulse;

The Destiny of Ages is my flag, —
A buoy no power can sink, or wave retard."

"Jehovah, O, protect my daring Son
From those encountering warriors, the Storms;
Sweep from his path the baffling calms and gales;
Blow gentle zephyrs o'er a mirror sea,
And with success return him, crowned with joy."

Far from the palace, by the lowly cot,
Beneath the shadows of a purple vine,
A maiden, blushing with the sun of Spain,
Drooped on the arm of Ocean's reckless son.
"Thou art a sacrifice!" she murmuring sobbed;
"My own, O, never shall I see you more;
Thou shalt not go! — go where! — go after him,
The demon's will-o-wisp, to certain death!
I hold you with a chain as strong as steel —
'Tis Love! 'Twill keep you softly by my side,
While madmen follow their capricious whims,
And pave with bones the Ocean's slimy floor."
Closer she drew, and more imploringly
Her dark eyes sought his tortured face,
As if to win a promise by their charm.

He bent and kissed the dear entreating lips,
And clasped the weeping maiden to his heart:
"Your love, Isnor, is more than heaven to me;
But Fate is iron, as your own commands.

I cannot share with thee a life disgraced;
'Twould not be living, but a living death.
Quiet thy fears, for ere the sun returns
I'll deck thy graceful neck with Indian pearls.
But see! the pennon floats upon the gale; —
Adieu, my mother; Isnor, fare thee well."

The aged mother rose; but he was gone,
And like a bird his skiff flew o'er the waves.
They saw him mount the Pinta's swelling side
And wave a last adieu. The fountain broke;
In unison their hearts with anguish beat,
And hot tears mingled for the absent one.
The anchors started from their oozy beds;
The white sails spread, the prows obey the helm;
The crews, in strange excitement, trod their decks;
Not one but felt as chamois-hunter feels
When standing on the sloping, icy brink
Above the clouds, while at his feet yawn gulfs
Of midnight darkness. The mysterious West,
Unknown and trackless as the starry waste,
Peopled their fancy with its goblin shades.
Their reeling brains grew dizzy with the sight
Of infinite horizon, and they quailed,
Like aspens, trembling in the Autumn blast.

One soul remained unmoved. His inspired breast
Was filled with rapture; his long-cherished hopes,
Nourished for years, that day were realized.

O'erburdened with his joy he paced the deck,
Entranced with visions of a future age.
But when he saw his comrades wrapped in gloom,
He paused, and with assuring smile, exclaimed:
"Will you go moaning to the banquet hall?
Away with fear and cowardice of heart;
This needle guides us with a certain hand
By night and day, in sunshine and in clouds;
And if we find not land, we shall come back
Again, as ant crawls round an apple's rim.
Fear you the storms? These ribs of oak will bear
The brave. I've mapped our course; my hand shall guide.
To-day, farewell to friends, good by to love;
To-morrow, we will set the world on fire
With tales of reckless daring in the Ind!
Give to the full-breathed winds the coyish sails,
And speed our vessels onward o'er the waste."
Then Gladness came and routed wan Despair;
Three shouts arose from hearts now true to him.

O, many a maiden's heart was passing sad,
And many a pillow wet with scalding tears;
And when at eve the broken circle met,
A sigh escaped each lip, an earnest prayer
For the brave Pilgrims on the ocean's foam.
And many a heart, too, ached far in the West,
And homesick tears the humble hammock stained,
As like three unloosed hares the vessels sped,
Plunging in the horizon's fog and gloom.

IV.

The wild Atlantic hushed its restless soul,
 In sympathy with those who claimed its throne.
 The storm had rocked its crying waves to sleep,
 Retiring there to rest its weary arms.
 Prosperous breezes fanned its slumbering brow,
 Dimpled with mirrored smilings of the sun,
 Or checked with shadows of the island clouds.
 All round the dim horizon's veil of haze
 Curtained the infinite expanse of wave.
 A score of days had fled, yet onward still
 Those tiny barklets bowed unto the West;
 For they were driven by a stronger force
 Than drifting winds, or wave, or fire-born steam;
 The fearful Will of but a single man,
 Who, fortified 'gainst obstacles and strife,
 As constant as the adamantine pole.

Lo! in the West the Star of Empire rose,
 A beacon guiding him to victory;
 His men, of grosser make, unconscious were
 To the sublimity which crowned their task,
 And by the distance vast which daily grew,
 Alarmed at first, at length became appalled.
 Full well knew Tyranny that if new light
 Dawned on the midnight ignorance of earth,
 Her fabric, rotten to its core, must fall.
 No longer hesitant, when Darkness threw
 Its ebon mantle o'er the Ocean's breast,

She stole among the Watch of Night :

“Lost men! why follow you this ranting fool,

This madman rushing to his meted doom?

Already countless leagues stretch to your homes;

A thousand tempests rage along your track;

Yet westward still, as swift as winds can waft,

You steer to unknown sea, where Death awaits,

And Monsters howl in cadence to the storm!

Rush on, unheeding victims! meet the doom

Of martyrs to your Leader's vain caprice!”

The trembling crew, in breathless haste, exclaimed,

“How shall we spare ourselves this awful fate?

You wake our fears, you snatch the aiding straw,

Yet give us no assuring hand of help.”

“Is he not worse than he who steals your goods,

Ay, worse than murderer? for he has lured

You from your homes and friends, and led you here

To tire and perish in this bootless chase,

Unhonored, save it be as fools who throw

Their lives away to please a greater fool.

As wolf or tiger dangerous to man,

I warn you bind him ere the break of morn.”

Her venomous words sank deep as sounding lead

Dives in the bosom of Pacific Seas,

And like a bitter leaven poison bred.

Through clinched teeth came many a muttered oath,

As in low council those dark spirits talked.
They gathered close, imbued with deeds of crime,
And in their hearts all murderers became.

So filled with furor for the bloody act,
Which to his heated mind would set them free,
One sailor could not rest, when on his couch,
Tired from the service of the night, he lay.
He heard the tread of sentinels above,
The splashing of the waves against the walls
Which checked their pride. Restoring Sleep, in fright,
Lurked round the pillow of so black a wretch,
And slowly waned the many weary hours
Ere she waved o'er him her oblivious wing.
He dreamt he was commander of the fleet,
Had killed their chief, and homeward turned their prow,
And in the burst of his ecstatic joy
His hushed lips parted, and he shouted, "Home!
The fool is slain, and we again are free!
Rejoice, rejoice!" Affrighted he awoke.
His shout was heard by one who never slept.
"What mean such mystic words?" Columbus asked;
"Talk'st thou in restless sleep thy waking thoughts?
Ah, I have watched the aspect of this cloud;
I saw it rise, have heard its thunder grow!
Answer, upon thy life! What means all this?"
Bewildered, he confessed. A few kind words
Fell from Columbus' lips upon his ear,
And then he left him in the solitude.

Freed from the stain of guilt he sweetly slept,
And now his dreams were dreams of love and peace ;
His mother came on snowy wings to him,
With angel sister with benignant smile ;
The tones of martial music brought him back
From out the realm of Fancy, weird and strange.
His treason gnashed him in her horrid jaws ;
His cottage home, its fireside joys, his friend,
His boyhood hours, and yet unanswered hopes,
In panoramic swiftmess flitted past.
In agony he groaned ; the sweat drops stood
Upon his brow, and scarcely came his breath.

His comrades were assembled on the deck,
Shadowed by craven fear and sullen rage ;
Their chieftain stood apart, without support
And weaponless. His brow was bared, his locks
Waved in the breeze. His lips compressed, yet smiled :
“ We have already sailed a vasty space,
And still continue on, I as command.
To those who follow in this enterprise
I leave decision whether we return,
Despised and wretched, beggars, to our Queen,
Or grasp the sceptre yet within our reach.”

The leader of the treason, unabashed
By this mild measure, spoke in boisterous tones :
“ Already siren Patience leads to death.
We have fulfilled all that our honor asks ;

Discovered that west to the setting sun
An infinite expanse of water flows;
You shall no longer rule by mad conceit!
With prows turned eastward, we your words obey;
If not, we turn them homeward for ourselves."

"Grant me a few more days; if still we find
No traces of the land for which we seek
We will return."

"No, not a day nor hour;
This moment turn our prows or drink of death!"

Terrific power flashed in his attitude,
As storm-cloud lightning trimmed on summer sky.
"We have a magazine within our ship,
And you stand ready to apply the torch!
I know you, well as shepherd knows his sheep.
You stand condemned! Each traitor bears the mark!
Forward, *my friends!* and bind these snakes in chains,
And let the hatches hide them from my sight."

As traveller is startled by the voice
Of lion roaring in the midnight grove,
So were they awed, and bowed like chastened curs.
"Get to your posts, and wash away this stain;
Shake out those fluttering sheets, and let us near,
By many score of leagues, the Indian shore,
Before yon Monarch cools his burning brow
Again within the flood."

The sails

Swelled to the breeze. The salt-sea foam dashed high
Above the dripping prows, and, lo, a rainbow arched
Above them on the spray, — a bow of Hope!
And all the night the Star of Empire flashed
A beacon to the lonely wanderers.
On, on, through sunny days, through fog and gloom,
The missioned sped. The sea became a field,
A grassy meadow, bending to the breeze.
A tree upturned upon a torrid coast
Came drifting by, with leaves as fresh and green
As when it stood aloft, the Forest's pride;
And, lo, a bird, unwearied by its flight,
Perched on the yards and sang a song of joy;
And, after resting for a little while,
It Westward took its flight and disappeared.
All harbingered proximity to land,
While stretched, at length, a blue line in the West.
Their hearts throbbed wild, their breath came half
suppressed,
As, in their eagerness the space to leap,
The sails unreefed, and all their canvas spread,
And sent their prows into the hills of spray.
On sped the ships, and higher loomed the land;
Each form stood tremblingly, each eye was fixed
Where set the sun upon the Continent,
And hid its light, and, lo, a mass of clouds
Rolled upwards, and the sea unbroken met
Their gaze! Their hopes were chilled like budding
flowers

Which the North wind sweeps over and destroys,
And in their stead came pinings and regrets.
In wild uproar the crew declared the laws
Of Nature here no longer held control;
The Needle wavered from the constant pole,
And they believed it prophesied their doom.
With explanations suited to their minds
Columbus strove to quell their craven fear:
"It is not strange the western lands attract
And swerve it westward from its proper course.
This sea is free from shoals, or rocks, or bars,
And fears like yours are foolish, wanting faith
And trust in God, within whose potent hand
Our argosy is floating to its goal."

"We will not longer hear your idle words;
We have been led too far to be deceived:
Jehovah's hand the Compass thus directs
To warn us of the dangers stored ahead.
We will no longer follow, but will lead;
And if our purposes you thwart, the clank
Of chains or death shall utter our reply."

The lion in his jungle was aroused;
His eye burned with volcanic fire. He drew
His sword, and in a low, deep voice,
As though his being swelled in every word,
He spoke. "Pilot, to helm! lay straight our course,
And three suns more shall beacon us ahead,

Or else I lay my body in the deep !
I will not bear disgrace or contumely.
I'd rather die than live a life disgraced ;
You, traitors to yourselves, may home return
And fill the ears of dotard men with tales
Of fabulous adventure, and receive
For pay the biting taunts of wiser men.
Where is your reason, that you stand aghast ?
What means this sea-like meadow filled with grass ?
And whence the bird which perched upon our mast ?
And those condensing clouds are of the land,
And not the children of the shoreless sea.
Within three days we tread the Indies' shore,
And claim the wealth of Occident as ours."
Ere he had ceased each man was at his post,
And Cowardice had vanished from their hearts.

Three days ! Each hour to him was treasured gold.
Each moment was a priceless gem. He knew
That Fate now in a balance swung ; he knew
On him alone the weight of Empire sat ;
And, crowded every sail, the tiller grasped
To seize the smallest favor of the winds,
As one who, sentenced in an hour to die,
Lengthens the hour by greatness of his task.
Swift flew the treasured hours ; the third day waned,
The eve came on, yet gave no sign of land.
The sun drew round his form his crimsoned robe
And plunged into the blushing sea, — a line

Of water leaning 'gainst the sunset clouds.
How hopeless was the prospect for the Chief!
The cup of hard-earned fame was snatched away,
And tantalizing held beyond his grasp.
The South wind fanned his fevered brow; the sea
Revealed the holy calmness of the stars;
Their silent voices lulled his soul to rest.
Long after twilight pensively he sat
In silent commune with his inner life;
Entranced and raptured by its unknown depths
He cast a furtive glance across the prow;
A light came shining o'er the rocking waves!
Again a light, like firefly's sudden gleam!
The night her veil of darkness overspread.
"Look! look! A light! a light!" rang loud and clear.
"A light! a light!" was shouted from the decks.

Through all the night the anxious seamen watched,
Each moment fearing lest its beams should fade;
O for the morn, with its clear light, to view
The bourn for which the daring race was run!

"The morn is breaking!" cried the wild mariners,
Unable longer to restrain their joy,
Which, bursting all obstructions like a tide,
Gushed from their hearts as free as Ocean's flow.
A foggy curtain for a moment hid
The vision from their eager eyes; bright flashed
The morning, and the sun showed his red mien;

The vapor vanished, and before them lay
A tropic landscape of surpassing grace.
The shore was backed by cloud-capped mountain peaks,
Against which rose the palm tree's feathery crown;
The verdant orange waved with lime and date;
Bananas wove the forest's web of shade,
Mingled with cocoa and the purple vine;
The sea was calmly whispering to the shore,
Decking her brow with ornaments of shells,
And then reflecting back her loveliness.
From the first sight of that out-pictured land
All words grew meaningless to body thought,
And not a whisper stirred the quiet air;
But the mute crew, like speechless statues, stood
Feasting their eyes upon that Paradise.
At length their pent-up feeling broke:
"Hero Columbus, live forevermore!
Discoverer of Ind, the Sunset's child!"

The massive anchors sought a resting place;
The deep-mouthed cannon thundered to the hills
The march of Europe's nations to the West;
And to the mystic shore the crew repair
To satisfy their doubts, and rear a Cross,
Emblem of Christian faith, among the palmas.

All kneeling there, Columbus offered prayer
To Him who holds the fountains of the deep:
"Father, to thee all thanks and praise are given;

Thy hand unseen has grasped the helm; thy voice
Has cheered us onward in our hour of need.
To Thee we consecrate this Virgin World,
And all her Children, — nations yet unborn, —
Who, pouring through the Gateway we have oped,
Like swarming locusts will pervade this land.”
Then, stretching forth his hand, he claimed the coast
Bounded by Arctic and Antarctic Seas,
East by Atlantic, West by unknown realms,
And flung his banner 'bove the grove of palms.

The Forest Child retired in fear of gods
Whom lightning and the thunder feign obeyed;
But soon, like deer, drawn by a dancing plume,
They came beneath the shadow of the flag.
Strange meeting 'tween the natives of the soil
And those who claimed it by a greater right! —
The White man and the Red; — one doomed to melt
Away like frost-work in the morning light,
The other to enlarge and fill the Earth.

Their Chieftain, with an orange-branch, advanced.
Tall and athletic and of iron frame,
His shoulders wore no mantle save his locks
Of ebon hair. His swelling chest unclad,
His loins begirded with a cougar's skin,
His royal crown entwined with dancing plumes
Plucked from the eagle where she feeds her young
His weapons were a slender, flint-edged spear,

And bow and quiver o'er his shoulder flung;
Beneath his shadow crowded other forms
Of equal strength and symmetry of mould.
He paused before Columbus, bowing low: —
“What is thy errand, Messenger, sent forth
From the great hunting grounds of spirit land?”

“Our country lies beneath the rising sun;
A mighty king controls our beauteous earth,
Who sends by us his greeting to his sons.”

“Ay, he is God,” the chieftain, awe-struck, cried;
“As Messenger from him, I bow to thee.”

“Nay, not to me, but worship Him who reigns
Beyond the star-dust scattered o'er the sky;
Who talks to thee in storms and whispering winds,
In crashing thunder, and the lightning's flash.”

“Ay, worship I the greater one who rules,
As well the bearer of his love to me.”

V.

Where the magnolia whispered to the waves
Of sleeping lake, enamoured with its blooms;
Where trailing vines entwined in fragrant bowers,
Such as the tropic queen alone can weave,
There sat two lovers; too absorbed to drink
Of Nature's brimming cup, too rapt to feel

The presence of the gentle Queen of Flowers.
The magnet Iran left on Spanish shores
Was now too far removed to hold his love
By the frail flowery bands she once had wove.
Half hid by leafy boughs which, like a veil,
Fell round, he gazed into the jetty eyes
Of one of India's sylphs, who, half abashed,
Shrank from his subtile arts, and like a deer
In her own native wild, in terror gazed,
Yet knew not whence her fear, or where to fly.
He passed his arm around her slender waist,
Just as he'd circled Isnor's, days gone by,
And spake in gentle tones of Eastern lands :
"Here is a wilderness ; your huts are rude,
But little more than dens of forest beasts ;
In heaven, from whence I came and whither go,
The palaces of chiefs as oft as trees
Arise in grandeur to the sunny sky ;
The luscious fruits which feed the spirit-bands
Are as much sweeter than the cocoa-nut
As it is sweeter than a frost-browned husk.
The choicest game feed on the grassy hills,
Gay song-birds warble nought but strains of joy,
And care, and trouble are to us unknown."

The maiden colored in her hazel cheek ;
She cast her eyes upon her tawdry robes ;
Her royal jewels carved from drifted shells,
Her girdle wrought of the gray eagle's plumes,

And like a flame flushed shame burned her strength,
And left her helpless as a storm-swept ship.

“Blest Lélé, star of light,” murmured Iran,
“O, do not pause. If you *are* maid of earth
And I of heaven, the sons of God can love.
Great Spirit loves the beautiful of earth,
And I but copy when I love Lélé.”

“O, true that I can ride on those sea birds,
And sleep in lodges with our father chief;
Ah, will you take me, wretched thing of earth?
Too good, you say, for earth — too bad for heaven!”
She paused; the diamond sparkled in her eyes,
And pearls were dropping from her burning cheeks,
Suffused with modesty. She hid her face,
And sobbed away the choking press of grief.
“Yes, Lélé, those sea-gulls await my bride,
And chafe to bear her to the angel spheres.
The winds await to waft; the time draws near;
Come, leave thy childish fears, and like a bird
Loosed from the hunter’s net, bound o’er yon foam.”

“But, ah, I cannot leave the aged chief,
And her who gave me life; my kinsmen, too;
These bowers and sacred places can I leave?”

“Lélé, my child, restrain this burst of grief;
Though you may not return, they all will be

Gathered by the great Reaper of the race,
And join you in your pure celestial home.
Behold those foam-bells dancing on the lake !
Now they are gone ; — thus years will quickly go ! ”

“ But there is one I'd rather never meet, —
Themoka, boldest of the daring braves, —
To whom eternal pledges I have made.”

“ You shall not meet. This trusting blade shall ward
From you the strongest blow his arm can strike,
And send his spirit howling, like the winds,
Beyond the sunshine of my Lélé's eyes.
See, yonder floats the signal, let us go ;
The birds will tarry but a waning hour.”

Columbus grandly had fulfilled his task.
Proud in the consciousness of answered hopes,
Revered by those who shared his noble deed,
He humbly bore the crown of his success.
Ah ! if he could but safely reach the East,
With this young child of his discovery,
And shrine it in a Nation's throbbing heart !

Impatiently the sea-birds spread their wings,
And to the Orient turned their dripping breasts,
When, lo ! an eagle screamed above their heads,
And disappeared within the hazy mists
Which dropped between them and the fatherland.

The red men gathered on the drifted shore
To see the gods depart ; some murmuring loud
That they were snatched, so soon, by fate away,
Others, believing that they omened ills,
Were shouting praises that so soon they went.
A boat shot, like an arrow from a bow,
Toward the ships, with Iran and Lélé.
Her heart was bound by love, until it felt
No sympathy for friends, or fear of foes ;
One radiant object saw, and only one ;
Her thoughts, borne up by Fancy's tireless wing
Above the plane of mortal senses, drew
Resplendent pictures of the coming days.

The savage yells died on the distant air ;
The waves devoured the blue hills of her home,
And but a misty line arose, revealed
Against the skies of the receding West,
Where sank the Monarch of the day to rest.

Pensive she stood, watching the serpent wake
Which coiled its foamy waves around her heart,
While through its halls stalked ghostly memories
Of Childhood's hours, and in its darkness thoughts
Blacker than demons of the midnight wilds,
Unbidden guests, came to the revelry.
Already doubt and burning anguish came,
That those who claimed the attributes of gods
Were mortals like herself, and more depraved.

Those doubts were twilight undefined, which dawns
Before the day. She saw, but would not see.

Ah, Love! the subtle god! how strong he binds
With chains an unshorn Samson cannot break!
When he usurps control, then Reason falls
Dethroned, and blinded Frenzy rules instead.
The pulse throbs wild, the blood burns in its course,
The real world no longer real seems,
But thin as clouds. Fantastic are the dreams
Which fill the measure of its golden days;
Rainbows bend o'er its skies, and setting suns,
And full-orbed saintly moons, and silver stars,
And airs come fragrant off from flowery isles,
Breathing bewitching music to the ear.
Ah! blessed they who never wake to feel
The burning anguish trampled love can bring,
But live forever in its rosy trance,
Meeting the presence of a greater Love!
Ah! fearful is the hour when Love awakes
From its soft couch and its fantastic dreams,
To meet the blighting breath of Scorn and Hate.
An adverse breath stings like an adder's fang,
Inflicting ghastly wounds which never heal.
O, when it sees its god-like object melt
Into a vulgar, loathsome, crawling worm,
How scorching Anguish, like an Ætna tide,
Withers the blooming fragrance of the heart,
And leaves but ashes in the place of flowers!

The stars gazed on Lélé, serene and bright,
Pure and unsullied in their holy light ;
Like a fond lover toying with her hair,
The playful breeze threw back each straggling tress,
And kissed her hazel cheek, soft as her tears.
Her heart was breaking, her young life's-cup gall,
Wreathed round its brim with funereal blooms.
She raised her eyes, and upward stretched her hands :

“ Great Spirit ! light is breaking on me now ;
I see my path aright. Deceived, betrayed,
Destroyed by demon art ! Thou wilt receive
My homeless, broken soul. The Spirit braves
Await. Father, I come ! I come to thee ! ”
Her simple prayer scarce rose above the moan
Of night winds whispering 'mong the spars,
And its Amen was spoken by a dash,
When closed the waves above the sylph Lélé.

VI.

In frenzy Tyranny beheld her foes
Wafted by prosperous breezes towards their home,
Bearing a torch which would ignite her throne,
And raze it to the dust. One hope remained ;
She'd call the ireful Sea-god to her aid,
And goad him till he drank her enemies.

Swift to his court, within an ocean cave,
She flew, and howled a demon prayer :
“ Will you desert me at this luckless time,

And open wide your gates to every chief
Who'd ride to conquest on thy foaming steeds?
Will you your portals ope to these, my serfs?
Will you defraud of what is truly mine?
Deep shall you rue it, villain, if you do!
This New World will allure a daring host,
Who, with concerted strength, will chain your realm,
Bind you in chains, and build highways along
Your foaming paths, until you find yourself
Powerless and realmless as a captured king!"

"Enough! Enough!" The Sea-god, growling, shook
The shiny hair back from his dripping brow,
And phosphorescent light lit up his eyes:
"Long have I watched these bold, conceited men,
Who dare to enter my untrod domains,
And think that I will bear the gross insult!
As I shook Xerxes' chains in hasty pride,
And drank the fleets of Carthage at a draught,
O'erwhelmed the argosies of Greece and Rome,
And sank the galleys of Tarshish and Tyre,
So will I speedily ingulph those fools
Who dare unbidden tread my regal path.
I call the countless spirits of the winds,
Who at my bidding come and go like curs:
'Combine your strength, and rage across the deep,
Pile wave on wave, until they far o'ertop
The mountains of the East or West; leave not
One fragment floating on this vast expanse!'"

“Ay, ay!” the demons cried. They smacked their
jaws,
And laughing wildly, started on their task.

Strange was the spell which bound the chafing sea,
As one who from affright withholds his breath,
And for a moment reigns a fearful calm,
Half audible in its wild thrill. So stood
The deep. The mew’s clear scream was heard,
Like wandering spirit strayed from Sorrow’s vale.
Then low and faint was heard the distant gale,
Which, like a mighty host, with banners flung
Out on the blast of war, with sable wings,
Swept up against the stars, blotting them out,
As subtle Vice oft Purity destroys.
On swept the servile waves in demon rage,
Like wild beasts lashed by tyrant master’s hand.
Yet stood the lonely ships in calm. Their sails
Flapped idly ’gainst the masts. But one keen eye
Gazed wistfully from deck. At eve it saw
The cloud, and when the sun reclined in gold
It read the coming storm. He bound the sails,
And met the coming tempest well prepared.
Ay, it was well ; the sails were gossamer ;
Each wave struck like a rock the shaking ships,
Which fled affrighted from their tameless foe,
The billows washing o’er their flooded decks,
And howling round them as a pack of wolves
Howl round the hunter, lost among the wilds.

Long lines of snow upon their summits shone,
Between yawned midnight caves, like hydra-mouths
Of Death, drinking the ships within their jaws,
Then tossing them on high, to drink again.
The sky wore ebon robes, without a star
To clasp its folds, and but the angry flash
Of demon eyes lit up the hell of waves.

Hope closed her pinions and despairing sat;
Her plans seemed thwarted, and the Nation's fate
To sink forever in the Stygian pool,
Gasping for life, but only meeting death.
The chieftain strove to drive the Demon back,
And shake from him the robe of fear in vain;
He saw that those frail shells could not withstand
The cataracts which poured upon their decks.
O, blighting thought! a World he'd won and lost!
The waves would quench the flame with which he hoped
To kindle life and vigor in the East.
Could he not save his great Discovery
Though he should die? He seized the pen and wrote:

"Three months from Palos the New Indies lie,
Teeming with gems and gold. I won the shore;
But now that Tempest's wrath my ships devour,
I cast to thee this waif."
The storm without was silenced by the storm
Within. "O, what is man?" he sighed; "a toy!
The sport of elements he boasts to rule;

An animacule in a drop of brine ;
A monad, sported by a master's hand,
Unchangeable and adamant as Fate.
How limited his strength ! His puny arm
Averts not from my deck a fleck of foam ;
How turn the vasty avalanche which falls ?
A puny insect in this mighty flood,
I groan in agony to God for help,
Yet help comes not, and still the storms rage on !
From me the ebon mantle of Despair
I cast ; I strive to stay the cowardice
Which, thief-like, creeps into my heart and grasps
All its most cherished hopes, and bears them off.
Bootless the effort ! I will try no more !
Great God, I die ! and 'mong the coral groves
The Mermen's shouts shall sing a requiem
O'er Madmen sacrificed to vanity.
Europe will take the veil, and hide herself
In everlasting Darkness ; and our fate
For centuries, in whispers at the hearth
Be told as madmen's victims to their whims,
Crushed by the setting sun, or hedged fore'er
By the horizon's brim."

The Genius of the Nations saw her son
In desperate struggle with the mountain piles,
Thrown by a foe strong as a myriad host.
She saw his giant energy in dust, —
Crouching Despair advising instant death
As safety 'gainst protracted misery ; —

She spread her silver pinions, and beside
Her son, swift as a gleam of light, she stood.

Lo! as a dreamer waking from a trance,
New energy nerves up his relaxed limbs;
The clod is fire! his eye glows like a star!
The Genius shadows him beneath her wing,
And unseen hands control the vessel's path
Amid the hissing bolts of fire, the jar
Of thunders, and the crash of waves.

At midnight hour Iran kept watch on deck,
Across the planks he strode with measured steps,
Oft muttering angry curses that his prey
Had so escaped. He looked into the night,
Black almost as his blasted heart. Lo! came
A watery mount, above which gleamed a flame
Brighter than lightning on the full-orbed sun.
It broke! a wild cry rent the quivering air:
"The monsters of the deep await their prey —
A monster, whom the sea spurns to uphold!
I come to bear thee to thy meted doom,
And loose thy spirit to the shrieking winds,
To howl eternally in vault of air."
The wave moved swiftly on, and 'mid the roar
The maniac laughter of Lélé was heard,
As she appeared upon its edge of light,
Her hair torn by the winds, her arms aloft,
And by her side the ghost of him she called,
Yelling in torture 'neath her lash of flame.

As hounds redouble every effort when
Their prey speeds from their reach, the Demon's rage
Increased; ne'er did the Atlantic's foe
Scowl in such agony; the masts were reeds,
The sails were gossamer; the ships were down,
Blown by their angry breath, yet rode unharmed.

In the dim gray of twilight's blushing dawn,
A blue line stretched like serpent on the sea.
"Clouds," said the men on deck; "Land!" cried aloft;
"Land!" joyful echoed in more heartfelt strains
Than when 'twas shouted o'er the Western Isle.

Our Native Land! by what magnetic art
Chain'st thou thy sons to thee? Though they may rove
Around the globe, freezing in arctic climes,
Or burning underneath the torrid sun,
Still turn their hearts to thee, as weary bird
Seeks the maternal nest. Our Native Land!
Thy mounts are grander than of other lands,
Thy streams more beautiful, thy hills more fair.
Each rock, and rill, and tree, has mystic charms
Which cannot be profaned, nor e'er destroyed.
Flushed with success, thy sons, Europa, come
To crown thy matron brow with diadems,
And in thy lap to pour their hard-earned wealth.

Isnor for weeks, with aching eyes, had watched
The misty West. Sometimes her fancy changed

A snowy gull, and oft a white-winged wave,
Into a flowing sail, as she compared
The ocean waste to her deserted heart.
She in the twilight watched the Evening Star
Dip her gold tresses in the peaceful waves,
And sighed a wish to be that vesper star,
Far in the West, to smile on him she loved.
She saw his canvas rise above the waves;
With brow all smiles, and eyes of brimming light,
Swift as a spirit to the shore she flew.

As pinions closed by birds from weary flight,
So fell the sails. Strange throbs shook manly hearts,
While showers of tears were rained from women's eyes.
"O! where is he?" cried Isnor, as the truth
Like sheeted lightning scorched her stricken soul;
"Tell me, O! tell me! let me hear the truth;
'Twere better, though it crush my bleeding heart,
Than this suspense which slowly strangles me.
My ears are listening — speak my Iran's name; —
Lost! Is he lost? Has he not come? A lie!
I'd not believe it though an angel spoke!
If dead, he'd seek my couch and speak in dreams.
O, hush your voices, gibbering like ghosts,
About my Iran's death!"

Her eyes grew wild,
And peals of laughter from her white lips sprang
Like jingling bells rung at a funeral.
They soothing, told her how he peaceful slept,

Where o'er his grave the Evening Star looked down,
And o'er his deep sea-bed bright flowers bloomed,
And 'bove him lay a counterpane of pearls.

Calmly she smiled ! wondered if well he slept —
And if his couch were wide enough for two !
She turned her eyes towards the shoreless West,
As longing pilgrim views a sacred shrine,
Then with a cry, wild as the eagle gives,
She plunged into the sea ; and far from shore
Her snowy arms combated with the flood.
Carressed by gentle waves, she floated on
Into the mystic West.

A weird legend
Still is told : that when Atlantic scowls
In keenest agony, on moonless nights,
On phosphorescent cloud of fire, three forms
Are seen, chasing like wisps along the brine,
Forever seeking rest, but finding none.

VII.

As in the Autumn, on the prairies vast,
Which stretch in beauty o'er the sunset land,
A little spark will make great seas of flame :
So did the news the Pinta brought inflame
Europe's broad fields, for harvest ripe.
The hive disturbed, confusion fills its bounds !
Up from the city's throbbing hearts arose
A ceaseless hum of vague conjections

About the Virgin World, and men were fired
To seek its far off shore. The Nation's lips
Murmured the hero's name in heartfelt praise,
As one who dared the Ocean's gnashing jaws,
Laughed at the thunder and the lightnings,
And trod beneath his feet all dotard tales.
Honors were wreathed profusely round his brow,
And the white hands of Royalty were proud
To fasten blossoms in his well-earned crown.
It was an hour in which untrammelled Pride
Might hold a revelry without reproof,
And satisfied Ambition seat the soul
Upon some dizzy height, above the throng,
From which to gaze and hearken to its praise ;
But 'twas not thus. The great Discoverer,
Meek as a prayerful child, in reverence bowed
Beneath the weight of his own victory.

Gray Tyranny a vengeful tempest bred,
Which shook the jewels from his blooming crown,
And from the summit of his fame downcast
Him, bound in chains, to cry in mad despair,
And feel that vulture, Want, his vitals tear,
Until his great soul, breaking from restraint,
Was wafted by the Wind-god to the sky.

Then, not content to have his Name engraved
Upon the World to which he oped the gates,
She, with an art at which a fiend would blush,

Found one unknown to merit and to fame,
And gave to him the bride, to bear his name,
And have her children lisp it to all time!

VIII.

While Tyranny her galling chains reformed,
And sought by iron sway to rule her serfs —
With blinded Ignorance beleagued to crush
In utter darkness till they ceased to groan,
The Genius formed her plans to lead them forth,
As from Egyptian bondage Moses led
The hosts of Judah, shouting praise to God.
She heard their groans as to the burning rack
Their bleeding limbs were strained. Their anguish
touched

Her heart. To Liberty she said: "Prepare!
Gird on your armor, for the battle comes!
I've led my children from one mountain peak
To see another overtowering rise.
For e'er above arose the Pisgah's height:
With aching limbs they wearily have trod
The flinty soil, bedewing it with blood.
They've marshes passed, and foaming torrents crossed,
Scaling the savage gloom of mountain peaks,
Snow-covered and cloud-capped, and felt the storm.
Yet bravely onward they have marched, though Death
Brayed loudly through the gaping mouth of War;
For Hope has ever waved her snowy plumes,
Dripping with balm-drops, o'er their cheerless path.

To virgin soil I will transplant my sons,
To that young World, free from the clank of chains
And build a Nation free as angels are."

"They will be chosen," Liberty replied,
"By law superior to private will;
Those only who uncrushed have borne their chains
Will rally to the standard of the free.
Those who for Freedom thus will leave their homes
Have borne the test — are missioned for the task.
God wrenches every wrong to human good;
And thus the plans, which Tyranny concocts,
But burst the fetters she designs to forge.
She, mad with frenzy, pours on Europe's head
The bitterness of her demoniac wrath,
Till, like a forest groaning in the wind,
Her suffering millions moan. She, like a frost,
Ripens the harvest for our gathering."

"Why is it, Liberty, that when men feel
Thy heavenly balm upon their beings fall,
They leave the path of Right which you uphold?
Our labor has been poured on thirsty wastes,
And after centuries of hopeful toil
Deserted ruins monument our faults.

"Our colonies were not of manly men,
Who, scorning bondage, sought a home of peace;
But children of Ambition, following

A meteor, to see it sink at last
In the dark vapors of a marsh, and die.
Not such the present band, who soon will leave
Their Parent Isle; they flee for love of life —
Life of their souls — the pale consumptive slave —
Within the wilderness to live or die.”

Far from the court of sleepless Powers, who weave
The subtle web of human history,
More tender scenes transpired. Within the cots,
Nestling among the hills and quiet vales,
Blue-veiled with gossamer of Autumn haze,
A hundred hero hearts expectant throbbed;
Of men whose souls were chafing to be free.
Frail Woman's tenderness was changed to strength;
Her love, to pure devotion to the right.
She did not represent the ivy twined
In matted tendrils round the giant oak,
But by its side another oak became.

Long and with fervent zeal the father knelt;
With the serenity the ocean gives
The perturbed river it receives, he rose
And bade his kneeling wife:

“ Arise! Prepare
Our babes; the great I AM hath spoken thus;
And ere the sun the corridors of morn
Gilds with reflected blushes, we shall swing
Upon the billows of yon shimmering flood.

God will be with us ; and though all the powers
Which bide within the nether world combine,
They cannot stay His purposes. We bear
The ark of Moral Freedom ; and shall pass
Through all the plots which Tyranny concocts
To thwart His purpose, and replunge the world
In a foul flood, like a poor wretch who grasps
Th' evading shore. We will no longer bear
Intolerance and Torture for our creed ;
We will not meet in secret to commune ;
We will no longer be like hunted wolves,
With price set on our heads. No, never more !
By the great God to whom we offer prayer,
We will be free to live lives seeming True
And Right, and be ourselves the judges of ourselves ;
And if we cannot gain the object of our search,
Better to die than live a life of fear."

Such words were uttered in a hundred cots
Where sighs and sobs were hushed by busy toil ;
Then came the parting from the native cot.
O, hardest pang of all ! We leave our friends
With tears, and when they die we mourn ; but when
From out the heart we pluck our Native Land,
'Tis withering as Death ! We Exiles are
Like ships that part their cables on the deep,
And choking loneliness involves the heart
In such still gloom as sits in sepulchres.

Good-by was said to trees, and rocks, and rills,
To mountain crags, and jutting moss-grown rocks;
But deeper, lower, to the fireside hearth
Where Boyhood's hours were passed, and Manhood's
 prime,
And sparkling eyes had spoken tales of love.

When Morn awoke the East, the May Flower's deck
Was crowded by those Freedom-seeking souls;
She graceful bowed upon the swelling tide,
Her snowy garments trembling in the wind.
The waves hung jewels on her dripping prow,
And, lo, a rainbow arched above her head!

Unyielding men, who met that morn, and pledged
By their souls' truth to stand or fall together,
Not to a land of sloth, or couch of ease,
Or halls of pleasure, or of revelry,
But to the untamed wilderness they went,
To nightly serenade of howling beasts,
And savage men which round their cabin stalked,
Smiting Disease, stark Famine, and grim Death;
But Liberty was there shrined in their hearts;
And for her sake e'en burning coals are sweet.
Seated in thoughtful groups upon the deck,
They silent watched the fast-retreating shore.
England ne'er faded from her children's gaze
Without their bosoms swelling with a sigh;
E'en here her exiled sons a blessing pour

For England's safety at Jehovah's throne.
Exiled! exiled! They feel the crushing weight!
They go in search of homes — not to return —
As one who, suffering the pangs of death,
In sudden fondness gazes on his fields,
And feels its midnight haze shut slowly down,
So they in fondness watched the sinking cliffs,
Till nought but a blue line of waves remained
Where their ungrateful Mother sat enthroned;
Then, rapt in lonely silence, each retired.

IX.

When Daylight fled, attired in rose-hued robes,
And Night lit up her thousand silver lamps,
Two lovers met upon the May Flower's prow
To tell each other for the thousandth time
Their love should be as changeless as the stars.
One, rugged as New England's granite hills,
The other, lovely as its flower-clad vales.
They were by nature mated; one to love,
The other to respond in tenfold strength.

'Twas Winter; and the sea rolled cold and stiff
As half-froze reptile, 'neath the chilling moon,
Full-orbed and icy, floating in the blue;
And far away, seen by the frozen light,
The New World glimmered in her robe of snow.
The Sea's deep chant alone disturbed the hush

Which reigned within the precincts of those hearts
Burning with feelings hushed and sorrowful.

“God is unjust, my May,” the lover said;
“See, see the land to which he has consigned
Those he should love. Already has the Storm
Prepared our winding sheet, and soon will chant
A dismal requiem above our graves.”

“He who observes each foam-bell on the tide
Sees and upholds us, ever just and true.
I love the smiling bowers of our old home,
But in my heart I have entombed that love,
And o'er its grave wept many a scalding tear;
But now, I'd rather dwell 'mong Arctic frosts,
And breathe the bracing air of Liberty,
Than honored stand beside the throne of kings,
Bending beneath the weight of Slavery.”

“Dear strengthener! You fire my soul anew,
And shame my manhood by your Woman's strength;
I will not falter, tremblingly and weak,
But in yon grove of pines a cabin smoke
Shall rise, and we together find such peace
As weary doves who find the sought-for ark.”

There stood the hardy Land upon the shore,
Safe from old Ocean's perils. Darkling pines,
Dusted with hoar frost, sparkled in the light,

And 'neath them howled the wolf in revelry,
The savage beasts, and still more savage men.
They climbed the cliffs, and 'mong the snow-wreathed
 pines,
Which chanted anthems in Jehovah's praise,
They knelt in prayer. Then, rising, sung a psalm.
The Morn hung diamonds on the sparkling trees;
With wandering eye, hidden by many a shade,
The Children of the Forest gazed in fear,
And in affright swift flew the bounding deer.
The Winds that lashed the ocean, black with rage,
Wailed 'mong the trees a cadence to its roar.
That Winter! Gods! how can the mortal frame
Bear such an Atlas weight of misery?
Gaunt Famine, Pestilence, and ghastly Death,
Wild beasts, and savage men prowled round their
 door!
Then Woman bore an equal weight of woe,
Yet, beauteous hero, shrank not from the foe.

Winter passed by. The balmy Summer came;
The Forest melted like the winter snow,
And with a smile of joy the virgin Earth,
Disrobed of her dark mantle, met the Sun,
And bore him harvests of the golden grain.

In vain strove Tyranny to check the flame,
Spreading like magic o'er the prairied West.
The Genius of the Nations seized a brand

And hurled it into Europe's harvest fields.
Her sons flocked to the country of the free
From her maternal arms.

Far North and South

The line of cabins stretched, and cities rose
As by magician's touch, where, but a day,
The wild deer cropped the herbage, and the "wolf
His nightly serenade howled to the moon."

There, on the platform of Equality,
Honor and Wealth were meeds of honest toil.
But Tyranny stole in; Avarice 'woke;
"Go get you slaves! These idle Red Men seize,
And make them till your wasting fields;
They hang all day over a sunny stream
To catch the sportive fish, or hunt for game
Where coolness nestles 'neath the leafy trees,
And then go oft unfed. Their giant strength
Was ne'er designed for lounging in the shade!
Harness them into labor. Better far
Than the objectless life they lead, is toil."
The Red Man fled into the densest wild;
Far sweeter death than servitude to him.
Then Tyranny designed more fiendish deeds:
'There is a race, from their creation cursed;
Decoy them to your service, they can toil,
Although their souls are black with Ignorance —
If souls they are endowed with — as their brows."

Men listened to the siren voice of Lust;
Men who were exiles that they might be free —
And soon their dark ships ploughed the Afric seas.
O, what a scene! O, shame to human kind!
Enlightened man enslaving brother man!
Sailing a thousand leagues, to be unleashed
Like bloodhounds, hunting down their human prey;
Why didst thou not, O God, rage on the sea?
Where was the earthquake that its jaws were closed?
Where was the typhoon, and tornado's wrath?
The God of Nature slept, or else the crime
Had been avenged.

O Africa! Thy Genius wept thy fate.
Thy children warred until thy hills and plains
Became the hunting grounds of Slavery;
Thy breast was crimsoned with thy children's blood;
The blooming vale where palm and orange grew,
The hills where cocoas reared their feathery crowns,
Became a jungle for the lion's lair.
Where villages arose black ruins frown;
And from her mountain den the mother looks,
And closer clasps her infant to her breast,
Murmuring of the father torn from her.
No more shall he shake cocoas from the tree,
No more bring home the products of the chase,
No more his loving eyes meet her with smiles,
For he is lost! Slavery's jaws are death —
Ay, worse than death, a living sepulchre!

Born in an age of darkness, crime, and blood,
A child of Passion by Ignorance nursed,
It grew a monster hideous and grim,
With ulcerating limbs and viper breath;
The very earth but loathed its slimy tread.
The fertile fields changed to a sterile waste,
O'er which an incubus of Night revealed
War's red-tongued lightnings, and his thunder's boom.
Crime stalked beside it unabashed; Lust joined
Its train; Religion fled. The slave became
A brute; the master was transformed to fiend;
And, as two wretches sinking in the tide,
Each other grasping, die in that embrace,
So the enslaved and those who held them so,
Each sank the other in the Stygian pool.

X.

Gray Tyranny resolved another plan
To breast the Western storm of Liberty;
She sought the red man, and in willing ears
Poured out the frightful measure of his wrongs;
For, like the frost of morn, the Indian wastes
Before the canker of the white man's tread.

Upon Cayuga's shore the nations met,
Where oft its waters had the council fires
Of their forefathers mirrored with the stars.
'Twas loved by Indian with a holy love,
For there Manito dwelt; and oft they saw,

Through the misty veil of mystic twilight,
Like flaming meteors, their spirit sires.

In silent awe they gathered round their chiefs;
Dark actions rankled in each breast like gall;
Revenge was traced in their contorted lips,
And from their eyes the tiger's glances gleamed.
A chief revered laid down the pipe of Peace;
With lofty pride he gazed down on his braves,
Their fires concentrated round him, and half wild
His dark eye flashed; he flung his arms aloft:
"Braves, warriors, chieftains, shall we idly sit
And let th' intruder wrest from us our homes?
Our children will rise up and cry, Shame, shame!
And heap disgrace upon our narrow tombs.
You think the white man weak — a trembling squaw!
So thought I when he came poor and oppressed;
A weary, half-dead bird, we gave him rest;
He built his nest within our friendly breasts.
Ah, vulture turned, he feeds upon our life!
Look, look! he comes! He asks our leave no more.
Ship after ship disgorges on our shore.
He fells the forest and his cities rise.
Look! yonder where he has a mart of trade
But yesterday I grappled with the bear;
Slowly he drives us from the Father Flood!
Where are the graves of our forefathers now?
Look! yonder waves a field of golden corn;
They've turned their ashes into food!

They feed upon their flesh ! they have devoured their bones !

Hark, hark, hark, hark ! The wailing of the winds ?
No, no, no, no ! 'Twas 'our forefathers' ghosts !
Their shades are troubled, and they cry, Revenge !
Revenge ! appease our spirits with their blood !
Blood, blood ! pour it upon their graves like rain !
Fire all their homes, and drown that fire with blood !
Each day the pale man asks for land ; we give ;
He asks for more ; he drives us to the West.
The West, still West ; and when we meet the sea
He'll plunge us off, and laugh above our graves.
Hush ! hear our forefathers' steps ? They come !
They mingle in our council. Hear ! they cry,
" Revenge ! up, braves, and from the spoilers wrest
Our graves, and wash their fields with fire and blood ! "

Another chief arose, known by his plumes
Plucked from the eagle where she rears her young,
And necklace of the puma's claws and teeth,
To be a mighty warrior and a sage :
" I cry for war ! My arrows pine for blood !
The hatchet rusts we've buried it so long ;
The bow 's unstrung, the arrow unprepared !
Ho, for the war dance ! Then, my braves, the fight ! "

Another spoke, venerable with age ;
His eyes were calm, his brow high and serene,
His dauntless mien unyielding as a rock :

"I am for peace! Your blood is fever hot;
You seek a war which will devour us all;
Weak boys, who beard the black bear in his den!
Children, who war against the flowing tide!
What! would you fight these magic gods who hold
The lightnings, thunders, and the iron hail?
Who launch the very stars against their foes?
When they but let War's demon smack its jaws
It laps whole nations in a moment up;
'Twould make a morsel of these countless braves,
Who, mad with thirst of blood, rush to its jaws,—
Ah! armed with flint-edged reeds and tomahawks,—
Frail things, which scarcely kill the bounding deer.

"I lay beneath a pine in yonder grove,
When Evening lit her revel hall with stars.
Our Father came to me in shadowy dreams;
He said, "My children, dwell in peace, and like
Two brothers hold the lands I freely give;
For if you war the Red Man melts like frost."

A chief with fresh-earned plumes impatient rose:
"Shall we have peace? So have we cried for peace;
But still they crowd us off by subtile art.
Give them our lands? They drive away our game;
They know they kill us when they fell the trees;
Let squaws cry, Peace; but let the braves, who feel
The fate of nations resting on their arms,
Rush to the field of strife and shout, War! war!"

Then broke the long-pent fountains of their hearts,
And swayed like billows on the stormy sea.
Cries of revenge rose with the shout of War.

War! Horrid monster! Passion's ulcered child,
With viper fangs, and breath sulphureous flame.
Where'er it treads a desert spreads around,
Gaunt Famine stalks, vile Pestilences creep,
And Death is gluttoned in the blood-stained vale.
War, chained with devils in the lowest hell,
Unloosed by madmen to avenge their wrongs,
Devours both friends and foes, and smacks its jaws.
At each repast the smoke of cities rise,
Of smouldering palaces and cottage homes —
The nests of happiness, of love, and peace.
Frail woman wails, and children cry to heaven
For food and shelter from the pelting rains,
And perish, mocked by the merciless storm.

As sailor keeps his eye fixed on the clouds,
So Liberty had watched the gathering storm.
She roused her children with the cry of War!
They to her standard rushed from field half ploughed,
From busy workshop where the forge still glowed,
And mills still echoing with the thundering wheels.
She lit the beacon torch, and countless flames,
Responsive, signalled to their mother's voice.

XI.

Tudor and May dwelt on the dark confines
Where sturdy men combated with the trees;
Their little cabin, framed of unhewn logs,
Was scarce revealed amidst the verdant shade.
The wild vine hung festoons around the eaves,
The morning-glory hid the window stiles,
And many a nameless wildflower blushed unseen
Beneath the shadow of its oaken bower.

'Twas eve. Like lambkins over daisy banks,
Their children sported on the cabin floor,
While thoughtfully the parents counted o'er
The memories which came of other years.
May, busy with her sewing, sat beside
The flickering candle; Tudor watched her face,
Half shaded by a veil of reeling curls:
"Why flits that cloud across your face, my May?
Were't thinking how five years ago to-day
Our cabin's smoke first rose among the pines?"

"I know not why, but strange forebodings guest
With me to-night, and mock at happiness;
I thought that here the ghosts would flee; but, nay,
They haunt me still. Hark! listen! what was that?"

"The winds! You tremble: are you ill to-night?"

"The winds? O, how they moan among the trees,

Like wandering spirits hovering round
On demon errand sent! O, what was that?"

"'Twas but the chafing of a half-felled tree
Against its fellow. There; nay, that was not!
It was the hollow watch-cry of an owl
That sits above our cabin in the pine.
How desolate ——"

"And that! and that! Great God!"

A long and swelling cry rent through the air,
So fiendish that the trees stood mute with fright;
It died in echoes, — then it rose, — then died!

The storm, long gathering, had broke; they came
Like bloodhounds baying on the chase.
Flight! Can a deer escape a thousand balls?

"Forget not God, whose arm can turn aside
This bitter cup of death. Use all your strength,
And make yon dusky warriors in the shade
Feel that they beard the fierce wolf in his lair."

"Nay, I will tame the tiger's savage rage,
And make them friends by gentleness and love."

He drew the bars, and made them signs of peace;
A hundred bows twanged answer to his beck;
A hundred arrows shivered round his door. —
Despair now nerved his hand. The rifle spoke —

A wild yell echoed through the solitude,
Then all was still as ere the tempest breaks.

A thousand throats confounded night with yells,
As, like a pack of wolves, they seized their prey;
Dragged from their burning cottage to the lawn,
They watched the hungry flames devour their home.
A warrior hurled the babe against a tree;
The mother strove to shield her darling boy;
The gory hatchet spilt his crimson blood.
"Spare—spare her!" she cried, as to her heart she
snatched
Her blue-eyed girl. "O spare her! spare"—too late—
Her tresses dangled at the warrior's belt.
One wild and piercing shriek arose. The thread
At morn so golden and serene
Broke like a gossamer and disappeared.

"Now for our puma!" cried a painted chief;
"Our blood cries for revenge. How shall he die?"
The fearful pause was broken by a cry,
As deep and wild as of a wandering ghost,
Asking for vengeance: "Let him die by fire!"
They tied him to a slender pine, and heaped
The firebrands of his cabin round his feet.
Red were the coals that crowned his naked skull,
Sharp were the splinters forced into his flesh,
And loud the shoutings at his quivering groans.
At length, from weariness, they heaped the brands,

And, with his dying groans, they took their way
Into the forest ere the break of day.

Weak was the Pilgrims' force against the foe,
But like true heroes to the fray they rushed;
Not in the open plain, but in the wood,
Amid dark shadows and the marshes' gloom
The battle raged. The friendly trees were forts,
Each man a general.

The red man stole,
Shy as a fox, into the villages;
And when men deepest slept, the war-whoop rang
To call the victims to the feast of Death.
Flames lit up midnight darkness, and the sky
Blushed at the cruelty tongue cannot name.
Shrieks, pleadings, groans, and blood, all told the tale
In the dark night time which was hushed at morn.
The deeds were done; they fled; when morning broke,
Silence alone sat brooding o'er the scene
Of mangled corpses 'mong the ruins grim.

Deadly is powder with its leaden hail,
But our forefathers held a deadlier aid;—
They oped the vaults of Death and freed the Plague.
It stalked into the wood, tossing its arms
Aloft, with hideous ulcerations marked.
It seized its prey by day as well as night;
Came silent as a thief, upon the wind;
No age or sex prevailed. The race was doomed;

Though they might fly into the deepest wood
Or mountain cavern, or to den of beasts,
By grassy river's side, by ocean's shore,
Still ever came the unseen deadly foe,
Seizing the old man off the brink of time,
The pappoose nestling at its mother's breast,
The youthful virgin bursting into bloom.
Its greedy jaws devoured whole tribes at once,
Or lingering, lopped their warriors one by one.

And they were aided by their bottled Death —
The cursed fire-water — soothing, to destroy;
It rolled into the wood its wave of fire,
And burned the red man as the crackling chaff.
He drank; and though the serpent bit, he drank
Again; one taste begat a thirst which seas
Could not appease. He drank, and died of thirst.
The Indian showed his kin to human kind.
The red men as well as white are slaves to rum,
And equal prone to follow it to hell.
Were I to use a name in which combined
The worst of human follies, sins, and crimes,
The sum of human woes and shame, 'twere — Rum!
The golden corn — the New World's sunny child —
The harbinger of plenty to the world,
Was turned to deadly poison by the still,
And sent into the wilderness to seek
The red man in his home and kill him there.
Strength, stratagem, or cunning nought availed;
The wiliest chieftain and the sage both fell!

As waving grass falls to the harvest scythe
They fell; sank where they dwelt, by hill and glade,
And left their forest temple lone and still.
The white man passed into its silent halls;
No foe advanced, or challenged his approach.
They found their hamlets, but they nestled wolves;
Their fields of corn were grown to weeds;
The Indian had gone; had joined the shades —
Gone where the Plague and fiery Rum no more
Shall hold his aching body to the rack.
The wolf no more howls to the silent moon;
The bear no more hides in the sullen wood;
The deer no longer browses as of yore;
The buffalo has left the Western plains;
The Indian pursues his game far off
In the broad hunting grounds of his Great Sire.

XII.

Black as a storm-cloud in its thunder's rage
Gray Tyranny returned to Europe's gloom.
A cormorant she perched on England's throne,
And strove to set the mother 'gainst her child.
Weakness and Folly held the awful crown,
Puffed with conceit and vain with flattered pride —
A lordling with a name, but nothing more.
She found him ripe to listen to her scheme,
And though like rain the Saxon blood bedewed
The fields of Europe's strife, he sought for war.

But Liberty had statesmen God-inspired;
For Truth glows on the lips like living fire,
Turns shepherds into oracles of law,
And peasants into gold-lipped orators.
'Tis the Promethean fire, whose very touch
Ignites the earthy soul to godlike deeds;
The magic stone by whose mysterious touch
The barren clod is changed to shining gold,
And from the turbid waters pearls are drawn.
Truth may be crushed, but it will rise again,
Phoenix-like, from its gory throne of fire,
And crush its foemen as the yielding grass.
Its clarion voice forever rings above
The turmoil and contention of the world.

Truth found no echo in the monarch's heart.
The Messengers of Liberty returned
And bore an arrow, not an olive branch.
Her voice proclaimed a council of her sons
To meet at Faneuil, whose classic shade —
A holy Mecca to all Freedom's sons —
Still bids defiance to the tooth of Time.

The iron will which nerved our early sires
To brave the dangers of an unknown world,
Now rose rebellious to the Oppressor's rod.
Not like the chafing sea, with angry rage,
But as a marching river with its flood.

They fled from Tyrant's rule, and now, pursued,
They turned indignant on the thirsting hound.

The Goddess took the Presidential seat,
And Hope and Right on either side reclined;
Justice above her hung her balances —
Not human Justice, blind, decrepid hag,
That hedges rulers with divinity,
And damns the millions to cursed Slavery —
But Justice, fresh fledged by the throne of God.
The hall was peopled with earth's bravest men,
But none the awful silence dared disturb;
Each mind in muteness bore its travail pains,
And, like the Hebrew mother, hid its child.

"Arise," said Liberty, "shake off this gloom;
Night comes amain, but after night the day;
The storm is gathering, but on its brow
Hope paints the bow of promise. It is ours;
Stern years loom darkly in the future night;
But faithful stand together at the helm.
I'll sound the war note over hill and vale —
Indignant yeomen to the ranks will rush,
And Tyranny, weak and decrepid, fall,
As grass is trampled by autumnal rains."

At length the bravest of the band arose:
"We sought this shore to breathe untainted air,
And shall we now submit to servile yoke?
Shall we sit still and let the galling chains

Be riveted ? Never, never, never !
Against us will our children cry in scorn,
And brand us traitors to all coming time."

Then one arose, ripened in forest shades —
One who had read alone from Nature's page.
His careless locks half veiled his sun-burned brow;
But from his dark eye spoke a glowing soul,
Strong as the elements, so long his friends :
"Men may cry Peace, but still there is no peace;
Soldiers fill up our towns, and wrongs recur,
And taxes bow us to the very dust!
How long shall we stand, idly crying Peace?
Until, bound hand and foot, we see
Our cities garrisoned, and yeomen crushed?
Till Hope expires, and Manliness is dead,
And Tyranny, like a foul monster, coils
Its slimy folds around crushed Liberty?
Forever crushed and trampled in the dust?
Forbid it, Heaven! Forbid, Almighty One!
Who weav'st the subtile web of human fate!
Let us die sooner on the battle field,
And let the fatal ball combat a heart
Which never for one moment shrank from right!
Up! raise one shout from Florida to Maine
For Liberty or Death!"

As a fierce tide bears on the drifting mass,
So, with his eloquence, the speaker bore

His auditors. One feeling, one desire,
One voice burst from the burdened hearts of all —
A hopeful watchword — “Liberty or Death !”
Within the focus of the Nation’s gaze,
Convened in solemn conclave, they resolved
“That Ignorance is the divinity
Which hedges round and props the thrones of kings;
That all are equal in the sight of God,
And heirs to Freedom, as the elements.
On Freedom’s altar they would offer life,
If need be, joining hands to meet the foe.”

Hope cheered the faltering, and Liberty,
Grasping her banner from the hands of Night,
Called on her sons to follow to the strife.

XIII.

Upon a swelling knoll a cabin stands,
Half hidden by its guard of monarch trees.
From out the forest, where the woodman’s axe
Reëchoes ’mong the night entangling trees,
A man of stalwart form and noble mien,
In pensive silence slowly treads the path.
A noble matron, with the same high brow,
The same gray eye of fire and compressed lip,
Stands in the cottage door watching for him.

“Deep in the wood I heard the trumpet’s voice;
I dropped the compass and took up the sword,

And go to bow at my young Country's shrine;
Your blessings on me, mother, ere I go,
And then adieu to your dear, wrinkled face,
Until America is free!"

"My steps are feeble, but I yield my staff
Now, when old age has sprinkled me with snows,
And I am treading slowly to my grave;
Thy Country's needs are greater than my own.
Go where she calls; be brave, and good, and true!
I'll bind thy scabbard to thy waist. Thy sword
Sheathe never till you've hurled th' exacting foe,
Trampled and beaten, from our virgin soil.
O God of Battle, guard my darling son;
Guide and protect him with thy potent care;
May he return from fiery war unscathed,
And bind fresh laurel on his Country's brow!"

Liberty stood beneath her starry flag;
The Nation had assembled in array;
All races, types, and grades; rich, poor, youth, age;
The polished and refined, the ignorant;
The man of science, the untutored slave;
Mechanics from the mill, the forge, the shop,
And sturdy farmer from the half-ploughed field;
But all were governed by one burning thought;
One feeling, one desire filled all their hearts.

Smiling, she waved her flag and raised her hand:
"Assembled warriors, rise! Salute your Chief.

Here is the future sage who leads you on ;
The great, the good, the genius WASHINGTON ! ”
He came — the woodman of Potomac’s shore —
The marshalled ranks were still as gazing stars,
And looked as earnestly upon the man
Whose modest self-reproach suffused his brow,
And made him silent to the wild salute.

“ On thee the destiny of Nations rests ;
Thou art ordained to guide the Nation on
Across the battle’s billowy blood and fire !
To you I yield these men ; and those who weep —
The mother, wife, and child — for absent ones ;
Souls, brave as Courage’s self, are in thy care !
Direct them well ; the staff of trembling age,
The weak child’s teacher, the proud mother’s hope,
The weeping maiden’s idol — all are thine !
Lay skilfully and deep thy battle’s plan,
And thou shalt tread to certain victory.”

Exciting music floated on the gale ;
A glittering line of steel rolled on the plain ;
There came the flower of England’s chivalry,
Her boasting legions and her bravest knights,
Drilled into carnage by the Old World’s strife ;
Clad in War’s flashing panoply, they came
Like hungry locusts, conscious of their strength.
On brazen throne gray Tyranny reclined,
Her scarlet robes imbued with clotted gore ;

With withered hand a flag she tightly grasped,
On which glared out in characters of blood,
"Tread in the holy way your fathers trod,
Or, crushed by me, be damned at last by God."
And she had branded on each soldier's front
The blighting seal of slavery.

There was a space between the Nation's ranks
Immeasurably vast. One boasted power
Of treble numbers, backed by England's strength;
The other was a band of ragged men,
Badly equipped, undisciplined, ill fed;
One boasted veterans who had bravely borne
The iron sleet of Europe's stormiest fights;
The other boasted men who fought for home,
And those who make home dear; for Truth and
Right.

But what avail has numbers 'gainst the Right?
It matters not how many shining threads
The gossamer may count, against the wind;
A thistle head may hold a thousand downs;
A breath of wind disperses every one
Of all the sail-spread graybeards.

"There is our prey," the British chieftain cried;
"The rebel band who England's power defy;
A herd of vile, rebellious, cutthroat serfs,
Who from our sovereign's crown by fraud would wrest
This priceless pearl. You know your duty well.

To-morrow we shall lord this fruitful soil,
And every soldier shall become a duke.
Now to the work! Unchain those dogs of war,
And send our columns flying at their bray."

"My honored fellows," said the Nation's chief,
"Our Country calls us to the field of strife;
We pledge ourselves to Death or Victory;
And future ages will exalt our names,
Whether our ghosts stalk from the battle field,
Or we, brave Freemen, shouting 'Victory!'
To battle! join the foe, nerved for the fight!
Then let the thunders with the thunders talk."

The cannon speaks—the ranks are wrapped in
smoke;
The earth quakes 'neath the war-dogs' fearful growl;
Like pelting hail the storm of ball swept by!
A moment's awful silence—then again
War's lightnings flashed, his deep voice sullen roared,
And fell the hail. Dark, sulphurous clouds
Hung, pall-like, overhead. The lurid sun
Concealed himself from view; the thunders broke,
The hoarse Commander's voice directed on.

And there were deeds of valor on that day
Unknown to time. Legion rushed on legion;
Horse charged on horse, and hewed their way
Through living walls; chiefs fell by chiefs,

And earth refused to drink the tribute blood
In which the armies stood.

O, distant maids
Will weep, and many a woman's heart will break
With keenest agony; and many a home
Expectantly will watch the hoped return
Of those whose bones bleach on the field of blood.

Night, pitying, draws her curtains on the strife;
The weary armies on their arms recline;
The moon and stars strive, through the banks of smoke,
To light a field strewn with the wrecks of men.
There, pillowed on their rifles, slept the braves,
While watched the silent stars above their heads.
Morn, with her rosy fingers, drew aside
Night's dusky curtains, and the strife renewed;
Again War's demons drink their fill of blood,
And at the twilight eve again repose;
They wake at morn — they gather all their strength,
And heads, hearts, hands, all madden in the work.

As Death drew near the Lion fainter growled;
He gnashed his teeth, he rolled his eye of fire,
He shook his mane, and stretched his wreaking claws.
Then Tyranny, who watched his failing strength,
In savage rage rushed to her faltering ranks;
Foam flecked her lips, blood trickled from her eyes,
While through her gnashing teeth she hoarsely growled,
“Ye curs, ye skulking fools, ye'll fear my sword!

I'll make each man its sheath, ye coward knaves!
Hell needs you all! Ye coward dogs, who yelp,
But run at your own shadows, take your arms,
Clear out your cannons' throats, and let them talk
To you of bravery. Heap rank on rank,
And make yon rebel Chief your mark, until
His moaning ghost wanders the realm of fiends.
I bear your flag among the foe! On! On!"

Again the Lion roars; but 'tis a roar
Of pain, of fear, and trembling agony;
For Liberty had watched the fearful hour
On which success hung balanced by a hair.
She joined her ranks, and shouted o'er their heads,
"Charge! charge! Each for a home and those they love.
Let steel meet steel, and Strength by Valor fall,
Rush like a deluge on their broken front,
And cry, 'A home, a home!' and 'Liberty!'"
Like a black cloud of storm they onward swept;
The cannons cease; the smoky curtains lift;
Steel flashes; swords strike swords; plumes waving dance,
And then the foe roll back like sheep pursued
By wolves. They fall like corn beneath the hail —
And *all* had fell — but friendly Night came down
And hid them with her wing,

The stars came out
To listen to the shouts of Victory;
From North to South rang out the cry of joy;
Of a great Nation born within the hour.

Sullen and threatening, Tyranny retired,
And spent her venom on the Old World's serfs,
Made Nations war for pastime, and their fields
Whitened with bones instead of bending grain.
She loosed the Passions, and like Whirlwinds' wrath
They seized their victims ; over Nations' heads
She shook her chains, or with an iron tread
Trampled them in the dust, and mocked their graves.

But Liberty a race of Freemen reared, —
A nation noble, generous, and free, —
To whom the fugitives of kings could come
And find a proffered home. Her presence threw
A magic beauty o'er the Nation's face,
Which far-off nations were enchanted with.
Her ships were hailed in the remotest seas,
Most daring, honest, generous, and brave,
With strength e'er ready to support the weak,
Bearing an Atlas' freight to famished realms ;
Agents of Commerce to all countries sent,
They go in peace, and with her smiles are met.

America, thou pet child of the world,
Thou brightest of all jewels in the crown
The Goddess of the Nations wears, long live
Thy Liberty, thy Honor, and thy Peace!
Thy humble bards will fleet from earthly scenes,
But thou, Eternal Nation, will live on
Forevermore. Thy starry flag shall float

Above all nations, conquered by the power
Of thy intrinsic Truth and Liberty.
The Tyrant's throne shall vanish from the earth;
No man be master, none a chattelled serf,
But all shall share the earth in brotherhood,
And heaven shall nestle in the earthly sphere.
Throw out thy banner, bind it round the world,
And, like thy eagle, onward to thy Destiny.

VISION OF DEATH.

I.

THE Mortal garb fell from me, and I woke
In blinding light. My Guardian Angel spoke :
"Mount this magnetic stream, and soar away
From earthly shadows to supernal day."
Swift as an arrow on its fearful race,
On, on we sped, through countless leagues of space,
Before we rested on the angel-lands
And heard the welcome voice of spirit-bands.

Before us rolled an ocean's boundless blue,
A mirror of the ether's dazzling hue ;
Green hills rolled from the shore, like swelling breasts,
With willows clothed, oft by the winds caressed ;
And palms, above their feathery foliage flung,
And round the orange stems the grape vine clung.
The zephyr, drunk with fragrance, fans our brows,
Or playing on the sea, coy dimples ploughs.

High on a rolling hill a palace stood,
On either side embowered in fruitful wood ;
From pyramid of steps glass pillars sprung,
And high above the groves their cap'tals flung ;
Above, a crystal dome like azure hung.

We pass into the hall — a group arise ;
Joy flashes from their soft, angelic eyes ;
They are a band of Spirits, freed from earth
By that keen edge which gives the second birth.
Poets and sages, whose bright names are flung
To the remotest ages, having sung
Immortal songs to tremble every tongue.
To name the noble bards assembled there
Would quite exhaust my page, hence I forbear ;
And equal would the list of sages be
Who claimed a birthright of mortality.
They crowd around me, asking my desires,
Or to what theme my bounding soul aspires.

“O, let me learn,” I cried, “of shadowy Death,
And how, when mortals draw the gasping breath,
The spirit pierces through the ether clear,
And finds a home within this angel sphere.”
Then all arise and leave the marble halls ;
We mount, we soar, swift as a meteor falls.

II.

We rested on a mountain height
Which overlooked an endless plain,
On which the wings of gloomy Night
Low brooding held demonic reign.
Deep wailings, while we rested there,
Up floated on the nauseous air. —
The stifled groans of breaking hearts,
Whom Anguish strikes with keenest darts,

When Hope sits blasted on their door,
And sullen cries, "Forevermore!"
And stern Regret, with sleepless eyes,
Perched on their threshold, croaking cries,
And like a raven, mourns its withered fate,
Crying again, "Too late, too late!"
The wails of godlike spirits lost
Amid the waves, by anguish tossed,
Breasting the billows' restless flood,
While every drop is scalding blood,
The concrete sigh, the groan and sob,
Wrung from the crushed heart's deepest throb.

Beneath we saw the blackened cloud
High towering up in grandeur proud;
They on each other scattering piled
Their giant waves in chaos wild;
The lurid lightnings wanton played
Across the chasms, in fire arrayed,
And onward coursed until it seemed
The darkness with the sunlight gleamed.

Whene'er the lightnings lit the dome,
We saw, amid the glimmering gloom,
Spirits with mantles ebon dyed,
Standing in humbleness of pride,
Complaining not, but sad and lone,
And desolate as blasted tree
By lightnings wrecked, and riven, and torn,
Or wave-washed rock within the sea.

Some asked forgiveness of their God,
Who made them feel his chastening rod;
Then rose from prayer to sin again,
And feel again the chastening pain.
Some round and round in revel danced,
To witching sounds of music low,
Or on each other wistful glanced,
As they ran frenzied to and fro.

Night rolls her curtains from the steep,
As light breaks on the cloudy deep.
Far to the right a river rolled
In many a broad and winding fold;
Upon its other side appear
Dark forms who stand in trembling fear;
They are the Mortals, who await
Dark Death to ope its mystic gate.
I saw the Miser, who through life
On fellows waged a constant strife.

I saw him die. He wildly grasped
His god of life — his shining gold!
With faltering voice he hoarsely gasped,
“All, all my wealth let me behold!”
They placed beside his silvery head
The dust which had his passions fed;
His eye relumed with sudden light;
His spirit paused before its flight:
With new-found strength he upright rose;

He seized the treasure, pressed it close,
Asking why he must leave his gain,
For which his soul had racked with pain
Enough to make a demon weep,
 An angel into demon turn,
To which the fires of hell are sweet,
 Sulphureous fires, which ever burn.

Upon his gold he fixed a gaze
Such as around the damnéd plays;
His bony fingers tightly grasp
The treasure with convulsive clasp;
And as he trembles on the verge
He sings his damning funeral dirge:

“O gold, my darling gold! good gold!
Where am I? Where, O where my gold?
I cannot, will not leave my gold!
Where is it? Where my precious gold?
Let me thy radiant ore behold!
I fear — I fear lest — I fear lest —
Some one will take you from me — gold!
My life — my darling friend — my gold!
Yes — yes, ah — go — o — o — ”

His breath was gone, yet fixed his eyes
 With cold death-stare upon his wealth —
Wealth? Concrete oaths, and sin and lies,
 Wan widows' wails and orphans' sighs!

How barren is the desolate mind
O'er which the waves of Passion sweep,
And with their chains its pinions bind
Within their maddening billows deep.

He stood there desolate and lone —
Wealth, titles, honor, all had flown —
Like oak o'er which the storm-winds sweep,
Around which lightnings busy leap
In wildest peal, and thunders shout,
And, echoing, peal their laugh about.

Charon's boat lightly touched the strand —
He seized the Miser's trembling hand,
Pushed out again across the strait,
Where those who go before await;
But Charon wafts not wealth across;
He carries a more priceless gem;
If he rejects the scorn of pride,
He loves the moral diadem.

The spirit cried, "Where, where my gold?
O, price of misery untold!
O, wealth in titles to broad land!
The thousand slaves at my command,
O, where are they? All fleeting, gone,
And I left poor, despised, alone!
Stop! Set me back. I'd rather stay
Within the mortal, suffering clay

Than here, where there's no gold to own,
No land to buy, no bills to loan !
O Charon, set me on Earth's shore,
And let me stay there evermore !”

No answer came ; but to the strand
The boat shot on, by Charon's hand.
The Miser yelled like damnéd fiend,
Who, of some pleasure sweet denied,
Back to its cavern sullen wends,
And with its voice the mountain rends :
“O lost ! My gold, my gold, my gold !
O, let me have my darling gold !
O robber, thief, why drag me here,
Where nought is gained, but all to fear ?
O, take me back, back to my clay —
Back to my bags of gold ; there may
I get me more. O, take me back
Where I can see my wealth. I lack
Its magic power. O whither, thief ?
O, take me back to my relief !”

Pushed from the barge, he quivering stood
Beside the dark and misty flood ;
Far in the clouds he heard a voice,
In taunting accents wild, rejoice :
“Now we'll taunt you in our glee,
Of the many deeds you've done ;
We'll proclaim o'er land and sea,

That your fiendish race is run.

Lost, lost, lost, lost !

Now your crimes shall sound heaven high ;

We'll proclaim them round the world,

Shout them to the echoing sky ;

Into hell you'll then be hurled,

Lost, lost, lost, lost !”

A sage to me in accents sung,

Which sad and long in memory rung :

“ Ye ancients 'neath the banyan shade,

Ye holy monks in hermit glade,

Ye wondrous visionists, who saw

The Future ye so vivid draw,

Ye holy fathers in secluded cell,

Ye moaning prophets, ye can never tell

How awful is the second death !

Throw all your efforts in one breath,

Sing on your harp's most dismal chord,

Ye cannot find, in thought or word,

Power to describe this loathsome sphere.

Picture in vivid vision clear

A hell of sulphur, fire and wrath,

Of fire unquenched and flaming high,

Life's endless journey through a path,

With flames each side kissing the sky,

Filled to the brim with loathsome forms,

Of demons, fiends, and haggard shades,

Who writhing lay within the flood,

Their veins distended with hot blood ;
Then have you shadowed forth that hell,
Which burns within the human mind,
Where Passions rule with strength combine.

O, it is fearful thus to throw
The higher powers under control,
And let the streams of Passion flow
In burning torrents o'er the soul.
Like ship upon the Ocean lost,
Upon some dark and dismal night,
By each successive billow tossed,
Without a star, a helm, or light —
Such is the sad estate of those
Who honor, wealth, and titles choose,
And vainly think to find repose
When they their Natures most abuse.

III.

“O, how yon Spirit quivered at his fate,
As trembling aspen in the wind-swept grove ;
I to his rescue rush before too late,
And by my virtue will his vice reprove.”
“God speed thee,” cried they all, as from their view
The Spirit, like an arrow, spanned the blue.

The Nations quake at death — they have a cause,
If this is Death, and such its horrid jaws.

"I, too, must die, and tremble on yon shore,
Shadowed in gloom, and deafened by the roar;
Grim monsters raving round my lonely way,
And through Earth's darkness not a single ray
To guide me to that Land, by sages blessed,
Where, in their magic circle, I can rest!"

"You dream, my child," loved Scotia's bard ex-
claimed,

"Your busy fancy has grim castles framed;
I'll storm them with a song which oft I've sung,
Still sweet as melodies from wind-harp flung."

MY DEATH.

A brilliant sunlight round me played,
Like dazzling lightnings gleaming,
And many angel forms displayed,
With heavenly beauty beaming.
There, cauld in death, my body lay;
I could nae tell the meaning;
O, sure enough, I thought, I'm dead,
Or else I maun be dreaming.

"My Robert!" whispered i' my ear;
I looked for her departed,
For whom I near dissolved in tears,
And died e'en broken-hearted.
I looked again, it was so light
I could nae see her clearly,

But soon I bore the blinding sight,
An' lo! my lang lost dearie!

"My Mary!" burst in wild exclaim
Frae lips pale with emotion,
"Thou art to be my bride in bonds,
Changeless as our devotion."
She flung hersel' upon my breast;
I clasped her to my bosom,
While tears were falling thick an' fast,
As dew frae simmer blossom.

Love bound the chains around our hearts
Nae power in heaven can siver;
Nae more can death divide us twa,
For we are oned togither.
Nae mummary of priest was said,
Nae marriage license taken,
Nae ritual was drawling read,—
Yet Mary's nae forsaken!

Our earthly griefs are all passed o'er,
An' we in love are smiling;
A heaven of joy around us plays,
Fleetly the hours beguiling.
My Mary loves with angel love,
An' shall be ever courted;
For Marriage chains are galling tight,
Unless by Love supported.

Fleeted life seemed to me madness,
And I sang a Song of Gladness.

What light, what beauty bursts upon my vision !
Is this the Spirit-Land ?
Is this the sighed-for realm of souls' Elysium —
Is this the Spirit-band ?

I grasp thy hand, my bonnie Mary, faerie ;
O, tell me, art thou she
Enrobed in Spirit-garb, so thin and airy ?
Ah ! Mary, thou must be !

And do you love me still with girl's devotion ?
"Ay, truly love I thee."
And thou hast ever been my guardian spirit ?
"Thy Mary's dwelt with thee."

Then broke my heart into a wild commotion
Of rapture like the deep ;
My bosom heaved upon its deep emotion
Before the Tempest's sweep.

It was evening. The sky shone with the glory
Of jewelry of stars ;
The sea reflected back the silent story,
Responding stars for stars.

A tale of love it murmured soft and lowly
In whispers to the shore,

And whim'ring for a kiss it embraced slowly,
Asking for more and more.

We there sat down beneath the ambrage sighing,
An' read the ither's thoughts;
Unnoticed passed the moments swiftly flying,
Until they morning brought.

"Is this the Spirit-World?" I cried, ecstatic;
"Regret to winds I give;
I with my Mary in such bliss united,
Ah! dying, is to live!"

He folded Mary in his arms,
And sang a Song in her devotion,
Which boldly sketched her magic charms,
And his deep heart's emotion:

My Mary is a bonnie girl,
Her eyes of azure blue,
Her cheeks are dyed with setting sun,
Her heart is ever true.

Her eyes so full of love-light beam,
So oft they're wet with dew,
I can but love the bonnie girl,
Her heart it is so true.

And I pledge her my devotion
That ever I'll be true,

And she gives me back my promise,
While her eyelids drop with dew.

O, yes, she is a faerie girl,
Her eyes are azure blue,
Her cheeks are dyed with setting sun,
Her heart is ever true.

“Terrific Death unites the lovers twain ;
Love’s constant embers burn beneath its rain.”
“True, true, my son,” replied an ancient sage,
Who with his lore had read the mystic page
Of Nature far into her volume vast,
“When Spirits from their limbs the body cast,
They are united in their proper sphere
With those whom earthly love has rendered dear.
First to our hall, and then a Song I’ll sing,
Which on your waking soul a truth may fling.
’Tis of myself and one of heaven most dear,
And our ascent at death to angel-sphere.”
Swift as a gleam of morn breaks on the night
We fly through space and in the hall alight :

IV.

As evening blushed the Western sky,
The storm had rushed in fury by ;
But ere its muttering voice had ceased
Within the rainbow curtained East,
The stars, called by the cricket’s voice,

Within the ether blue rejoice ;
And from the black clouds' angry brim,
The moon revealed its polished rim.

At such an hour, by babbling stream,
A lover basked in blissful dream ;
He heard a step light as a fawn,
Or Naiad dancing on the lawn.
From out the shadow of the glade
Of mighty elms which filled the shade,
Like Nymph that haunts the silent wood,
The gentle Ada fearful stood.
Hers was a form of Nature's mould ;
Her features fair, her forehead bold ;
And beauty, grace, and health divine
Sprang out from every flowing line.

Uprising, Cleon took her hand,
And silent led her to a seat
Where flowers decked the perfumed land,
And waters babbled 'neath their feet ;
And Zephyrs 'mid the wind-harp trees
Sang them the concert of the breeze.

At length he spoke, subdued and low,
Scarce heard above the water's flow :
" I thank you, Ada, that we meet
In this retired and lone retreat ;
But why so sad — why tremble so ?
Why bowed in grief, and untold woe ? "

She pressed his hand and sweetly smiled,
As light through darkness is beguiled:
"Tis this that bows my heart in woe—
O, must you, Cleon — must you go?"

"Too true, but why so thoughtful, love?
Believe that Heaven has smiles above;
Ah, do you fear my plight to trust?
My constancy for years distrust?"

"Nay, nay, my fancy has not wrought
Of thee, my love, a jealous thought.
I feel that this deep love of mine
Is answered in that heart of thine.
I trust thee, fully as the heart

Its grandest trust can fully give;
Together here, or wide apart,

In hope and confidence I live.
But, Cleon, laugh not when I tell
You of a dream which last night fell.

So light and real does it seem
I cannot think it was a dream,
But that an unseen, friendly shade
My slumbering mind a visit paid.
'Tis said the shades can make us seers,
And prophesy of future years.
I stood beside the Ocean's strand,
Where water mingled with the land;
Far on the slumber-seeking wave
Of silver hue the light sun gave,

I saw approach a tiny boat
As delicate as shells which float
Upon the moon-lit Indian seas,
Wafted by odor-bearing breeze.
And as I gazed it onward came,
Flushing the sea with roseate flame;
The laughing Waves attuned their voice,
And joyous sang, Rejoice, rejoice!
And when it touched the blushing shore
Their notes responded, 'Evermore!'

"My heart beat wildly to that voice —
To Nature's words, Rejoice, rejoice;
A strange, bewildering trance o'er fell;
I stepped into the floating shell;
I heard the prow turn from the shore,
The water's light and rippling song, —
My senses failed — I heard no more."

"A tale of Fancy's joyous flight,
Basking beneath sweet slumbers light."

"Ah, yes, it is a dream, and more
Than other dreams I've had before.
The winds and waves their voices chime
In one low, wailing, dirge-like breath;
I feel that 'tis the last, last time
We meet this side the Vale of Death!"

"Ah, Ada, thou hast prophet turned,
And mystic arts of augury learned!
Perhaps, he said, in deeper tone,

We shall not meet within this glade,
Or on this troubled shore of time,

But there are joys which never fade —
A life beyond this storm-swept brine —
There we'll be one — you mine, I thine —
But should you go in early Spring,
Thou'lt shade me o'er with seraph wing,
And angel-influence o'er me fling!"

"True as the needle to the pole,
To thee forever is my soul;
And I on fleetest wings will come
From my far distant Spirit-home,
And tell you of the Spirit's power
Beyond the present fleeting hour."

"The moon tells tales, and we must part;
Thou sayest that we meet no more;
I leave thee with a sorrowing heart
If I shall press thy lips no more!"

A mournful parting, while the stream
Responded with its murmuring flow;
The moon concealed her lovely beam,
The coying breeze sighed soft and low.

Warmly he pressed her trembling hand,
As though the lingering hold to sever
Would blast the hopes whose buds expand
And lose her whom he loved forever.
And lingered long the parting word —
A word alone in sorrow heard.
At length he broke the mystic spell
Which o'er his tongue in magic fell ;
And then as though a heartstring severed,
Good by — upon her senses quivered.

As fleet the clouds across the sky,
As dies the ripple on the shore,
So swift the passing moments fly,
Passing forever, evermore.
We count not moments as they fade,
But we can hear their sullen roar,
As each successive year-wave breaks
Upon time's bleak and wreck-strewn shore.

The moon was such as years gone by
Had lit with flame the lovers' sky ;
In calm magnificence it rolled
Across the light clouds silvery fold.
There seated on the mossy bank
Where *they* together sat before.
Sat Cleon of the moonlit glade
Amid the cherished scenes of yore.

He could not check the thoughts which came
To light his passions' lingering flame.

"Has she forgotten absent love,

Or is the earthly temple riven?

Then all my hopes aspire above;

Soon shall I see the courts of Heaven.

I feel my joyous days are passed,

The dismal storms of sorrow sweep

Across the rugged barren steep

Of a lone mind by tempests tossed,

O'erwhelmed with anguish, lost, lost, lost!"

Around him fell a brilliant light

Supremely pure and dazzling bright,

And from its rainbow-tinted shade

Forth glorious sprang his lovely maid.

In angel-tones upon him broke

From Spirit-lips which parting spoke

The music of the heavenly spheres.

"Cleon, your Ada's ever near;

O, feel, loved one, her angel-breath

Speak to thee from the Vale of Death."

His sight was dazzled by the hue

Which o'er the changing landscape threw

Its blinding rays of silver light;

His Spirit-powers were quickened then;

Dark grew the Earth; his mortal sight

Grew dim; and, slowly sinking, when

Earth faded into darkest night,
Alone he held his Spirit-sight.

.

I saw the Spirit-World. Its mighty minds
Had oped my vision to its vast designs.
The spheres spread round me, and I looked far
through
Into the ocean of Space's ether blue ;
I paused in thought ; I must to earth again,
Or distance soon would break the silver chain
Which bound my soaring spirit to its thrall.
I sped, and ere in glass a sand could fall
By a galvanic touch the body woke,
And earthly scenes once more upon me broke.

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.

BENEATH the moss-grown arches of mighty cities dead,
Whose bards and heroes cherished, the ancient Ages led ;
I passed with ling'ring footsteps in ruins gray and lone,
While on the crumbling columns sat the ghosts of ages
 flown.

Where is the old Chaldean, who gazed up to the stars,
And saw in their commotions the fate of men and wars ?
Who roamed the Asian pampas as Arab wild and free,
The first-born child of Nature, where, where, O where
 is he ?

Where is the bold Assyrian, with mingled barb and clans,
Who proudly walked the battlements with his war-
 hardened bands ?

Who shouted forth his orders from India's spicy tide,
To the European borders and the cold Caspian's side ?

Ye of the sculptured temple, ye nations of the Nile,
Who float down forty centuries one pyramidic pile ;
Ah, whither fled your Empire, your priests with regal
 power,
Whence fled your lofty genii in your declining hour ?

Ye philosophic Grecians, who wrote the Epic Rhyme;
Why has your splendor vanished from off the shores of
Time?

Ye proud and haughty Romans, on the Nations looking
down,

Where now is all your vaunted strength, your valor and
renown?

O, where is queenly Babylon, who from her hundred
gates

Poured forth her armed millions her Avarice to sate?
Like Troy, and Tyre, and Carthage, and Cities of the
Plain,

She perished in her splendor — her boasted strength was
vain!

Ye gallant ships of Tarshish, ye galleys of old Troy,
Who once sent forth the challenge the World could not
destroy;

Ye fleets of the *Ægean* tide, galleys of Greece and Rome,
And argosies of Carthage, is Oblivion your doom?

This is the course of Empire, as 't Westward takes its
way,

While in the East it leaves the old in twilight dim and
gray.

I called unto the misty Past, to Nations long entombed;
My question echoed back to me from 'mong the Ruins'
gloom.

Ah, where was Egypt's greatness is now but piles of stone,
A time-defying Pyramid, a temple gray and lone!
Where rose the Towers of Babylon, in splendor and in
pride,
Now fester miasmatic pools, and slimy monsters hide.

Palmyra, in gray ruins, sits silent and forlorn,
And through the towers of Balbec the desert breezes
moan;
The Theban halls are silent, and Petra's rocks are bare,
With crumbling arch and column in Desolation there.

Gone, gone is Sparta's glory, and stormy Athens' pride;
The Mediterranean galleys no longer sail its tide;
He who was called the Hero, the hosts he marshalled —
gone, —
Ephemeral, they perished beneath the Age's scorn.

Now, steamships on the Ocean and on the Ægean tide,
Above the wreck of galleys, the adverse billows ride;
The iron-harnessed vassal drives on its tireless steed,
The lightnings, chained by Genius, along new pathways
speed.

Ah, shall we thus, too, perish? Is this our fated doom?
Shall our proud cities crumble as crumbled Greece and
Rome?
And shall within our dwellings the seabird build its
nest?
Our halls and granite pavements, cold, slimy snakes
infest?

The mart and wharf deserted, no ships upon the spray;
The owl hoot from the ruins in twilight dim and gray?
New Nations rise above us, as we rise on the old,
And by their swift progression new energies unfold?

O, no, we shall not perish as perished Greece and Rome,
Nor 'bove the ruins of our age the ghostly breezes moan.
The Genius of the Present can never fall to rest;
Its watchword is PROGRESSION, and Truth supremely
blest.

A VISIT TO THE OCEAN.

I stood upon the Ocean shore ;
A sublime sadness filled my breast ;
In awe I listened to its roar,
And gazed off on its billowy crest ;
I, with my littleness oppressed,
In vain threw back the solitude
Whose shadows filled my homesick soul.
Recoiling back, the loneliness
In deeper volumes on me rolled,
As stormy clouds at night unfold.

Behind me waved the woods of pine,
Responding to the sea's deep moan,
Echoing with a mournful chime,
The cadence of its solemn tone ;
Beneath my feet the sparkling foam
In thunder beat the craggy rocks ;
And high in air the snowy spray
At each convulsive heave was thrown,
And evanescent rainbows gay
Were painted on the clouds of spray.

Above me spread an azure sky,
Beneath me spread the vasty deep,

While seabirds wildly screamed on high,
And far on the horizon's steep
I saw a bark the billows leap;
Wakeful when first I viewed the flood,
At length I bathed in waking dreams;
And Reverie, in fancies strange,
Through all my being threw her beams,
As sunlight through a lattice gleams.

Enwrapped in fancies strange and wild,
I noticed not the rolling swell,
Which on its bosom bore its child,
A rosy-tinted ocean-shell.
I murmured, "Child of ocean dell,
From whence art thou a wanderer?
Thou'lt tell me tales of ocean halls,
And sea-nymphs' crystal homes, I trow;
For long thou'st graced their mossy walls,
Where ne'er a ray of sunlight falls.

"Hast ever seen their starry eyes,
As they among the sea-flowers soar?
Or have you heard their tiny feet
Dance lightly on the Ocean's floor,
In cadence with the upper roar?
Hast seen them sit on sea-mossed rocks
And comb their glossy floating hair,
And gem their brows with wreaths they twine
With coral buds and sea-flowers fair,—
With gold bespecked and diamonds rare?

"Canst tell me of the caverns huge,
Far down in the reposing deep,
Where in their water-curtained halls,
The Storm-gods their tribunal keep,
And the storm-wearied Demons sleep?
Thou hast no tongue, poor shell, to speak:
Yet I can something learn of thee
As wise as flippant tongue could teach;
Though tossed I am on Life's great sea,
Steadfast I will remain, and free."

Near by its side there lay a wreck,
Of sheeted plank or oaken spar
Torn from its place in gallant bark,
By sunken rock, or treacherous bar,
Returning freight from climes afar.
It told a dismal tale of woe —
Of wreck upon a stormy night,
Of many sighs, and gurgling groans,
Of struggling Mortal's puny might,
When spirits upward took their flight.

Forever thus, thou mighty deep,
Thy intercourse with vaunting man,
Who boasting lays upon thy mane
In childishness his puny hand,
And binds on thee his bold command.
Ah, rising thou dost shake them off,
As Xerxes' chains were cast on shore;

And rollest on in grandeur proud,
Above the wrecks which strew thy floor,
Conquering, unconquered evermore.

A blushing shell, or sea-weed green,
Some trifling gift from thee, grand sea,
Memento I can ever keep —
A souvenir from thee to me
Is all that I can ask of thee.
The Ocean's sullen answer growled,
As 't threw upon the wave-washed strand
A lock of algeatic hair;
And a sea-pen's curious wand,
Bejewelled o'er with ruby sand.

THE SNOW.

Snow-fields I love. There is a joy abroad
When murky clouds spit out the feathery snow
In fleecy flecks, swift drifting by ; you know
Not where the flakes alight. The giant Woods
Stretch up their gaunt and naked arms, and howl
Like Ocean lashed by storms. They bow their heads,
And moan like shivering curs. The Winds rush past
Like starving wolves, and snap and snarl among
The quivering branches of the quaking trees.
The snow-bird flits, a living snow-flake, past ;
At home amid the cold, and falling snow,
A pensioner, whose chirping at the door
Asks for the offered crumbs.

One hazy night
A snow bank in the southern sky, sullen
And cheerless, came. The Earth at morn was clothed
In virgin's mantle, white as any bride's.
The myriad-handed Wind had been at work,
Along the fences piling drifts. On post
And roof hung carved work, rivalling the art
Of artificer ; arches, minarets,
And spires ; peak upon peak, a miniature
Of Alps.

I looked out on the morning gray,
Hung mistily in Eastern sky. The frost
Diamonds sparkled beneath the rays, so light
And silvery, but devoid of warmth. The fire
Glowed whitely in the grate, as leaping flames
Went hurrying up the flue.

I love the storm —
The slumbering earth changed to a world of snow.
I love the quiet home from which to view
The fantasies of wrangling winds and storms.

“Selfish!” shrieked out the passing Wind. “I harm
Not you. Your brother, where is he? Last night
I threw snow through his broken window panes.
He heard my coming with a trembling frame.
The last stick dimly burned, the flame expired;
I clutched his children with my icy hand,
And changed them into statues, white and cold!
The infant at its mother’s breast there takes
Its life no more.

I searched among the poor;
They are my lawful prey — they feed my jaws!
I bore grim Death upon my cold white wings;
I went to conquer and to freeze the poor;
And yet you welcome what the millions curse!”

“Too true, too true,” I said; “we never think
Of our poor brothers when our fire burns bright;”
“’Twould burn far brighter if it warmed them all.

What's Man? I asked. A pygmy in his power!
A sportive toy to mighty Force and Law.
The Elements, Jehovah's giant slaves —
Can he resist their might? In boasted strength
He falls beneath their power. They heed him not.
The rain and snow fall where they list. He must
Obey the dictates of these kings, before
Whose breath he's but a gossamer!

PET.

GRACEFUL is the timid fawn
 O'er the mountain going;
 Lovelier her rounded form
 In lines exquisite flowing.

Red are the strawberries ripe
 In the meadows growing;
 But red as they her ruby lips
 With sunny smiles o'erflowing.

Lightly trip her dancing feet
 Round my chamber going;
 Sweet the song she warbles forth,
 As winds o'er harp-strings blowing.

LOULOU.

SHE had gathered her hands full of roses,
And wreathed a few buds in her hair,
And thrown herself down on the sofa —
A picture bewitchingly fair.
Her black eyes looked languid and drooping;
Her cheeks and her lips were aglow;
A shoal of black ringlets went reeling
Adown o'er her shoulders of snow.

"You are beautiful, Loulou," I murmured,
"As houris in Bowers of the Blest;
O, come to my bosom, my darling;
I'll bear you through life in my breast."
I showered her with passionate kisses,
I chained her with Love's flowery band,
And Loulou, my beautiful, gave me
The pledge of her heart and her hand.

Life! it blushed like a nectar-filled goblet
As long as she staid by my side;
We drank it together till Loulou,
My darling bride, pushed it aside.
O, she was the bride of my spirit,
I won her for life — that is long —

And it matters not though she's an angel,
And I am of Earth's jostling throng.

It was long, long ago that I won her; —
My hair is now silver, then brown;
My form was then youthful and stately;
My shoulders are now stooping down.
I've crowded along on life's highway,
And known but a little of rest;
But true to my early vows, Loulou
I've borne all the way in my breast.

BODINGS.

SLEEP, goblins, sleep !
What business have you prowling round my heart ?
Hush those wild words ; sheath each envenomed dart ;
Close your strange eyes,
Confine your sighs,
And back to ghost-land, where your home is, creep !

Ha, talking yet ?
But it will be so cold to lay me down
When Earth has on her ice-set, diamond crown,
And no green leaves,
Nor golden sheaves,
Nor rose-red blooms, nor loving violets.

I could not rest
With a cold snow-sheet spread above my bed,
And the hoarse winds above me shrieking, "Dead !"
O, let me wait,
E'en at Death's gate,
And die when sunbeams warm the cold Earth's breast.

I cannot die
Now, when my heart is fresh with scented blooms,
Which grow in beauty o'er its mournful tombs,

And gentle hands
Weave flowing bands,
To bind me here and keep me from the sky.

Death-angel, pass!
I tell thee, Heaven with all its wealth of joy,
Would give less pleasure than a gilded toy;
 Away from him,
 Earth's beauty dim!
I choose a while — O, black-winged Angel, pass.

I will not die!
I'll live to calm each feeling of distress;
I cannot trust another to caress
 As I do now,
 His cherished brow —
Ha, thou art smiling! Then I'll hush each sigh.

WEARY.

Gods! must I be ever longing
For great thoughts, ne'er kenned before?
Can I never feed my thronging
Thoughts the food of mystic lore!
Ask me not why I am striving?
Why I seek the realm of Cause?
Why I into Mystery diving,
Seek to extricate its laws?

But, O, for a single moment
Still the courses of my mind;
Rest it from its ceaseless torment,
And its tireless fancies bind!
I would rest as in my boy-life,
Free from thoughts of why I am —
Pure and tainted not by world-strife,
Peaceful, joyous, sweetly calm.

But my mind heeds not my meaning;
Free, it roams Creation's rounds;
Oft, when I suppose it dreaming,
On from star to star it bounds.
Gods! and I must long forever
For the food which feeds the mind,
Till I cross the Shadow-river,
And my eyes are no more blind?

THE SECOND WIFE.

ALONE she sits before a lovely picture,
Her dimpled chin supported by her hand ;
No one is near ; she feels no chilling stricture
While gazing on that saint of Aiden's land ;
She is enchained by the imploring beauty
Which sits upon the brow so faded now,
And to the canvas picture vows all duty
To those she left on Earth yet watches now.

Slightly she trembles, to her mirror turning —
“And does he love me ? I'm his Second Wife !
My eyes are blue and pale ; hers dark and burning —
He'd ne'er have loved me had Heaven spared her life
Her glossy hair enwreathed a brow of splendor
With ebon braids, richer than diamond crown ;
Her head is queenly ; mine wears beauty tender,
With its long reeling curls of chestnut brown.

“I can but fear her beauty, high and thrilling,
Once stamped upon the heart must ever be ;
O, it were vanity to think of filling
The heart she tenanted, for one like me !
That faithful picture ! would that I could veil it
So 'twould not shame me, nor arrest his eyes !

But no — 'tis limned there, crape can never pale it
Upon his heart — and should be till he dies.

"Twere selfishness indeed to blot the traces
Of her long-worshipped image from his brain ;
Rather, I'll copy all her winning graces ;
They charmed him once, perhaps they may again.
I'll robe his darlings in the same sweet dresses
Of sky-blue tint their mother used to love,
And dress their hair in many curling tresses,
Just as she used to ere she went above.

"He sought, and called me in my life's young morning
To share his cares and light his lonely home ;
To wreathe his wrinkled brow with the adorning
My heart's best love-flowers give in virgin bloom.
My years are few ; I long for deep devotion ;
My heart is gushing as a summer rill ;
And he — he loves me, though the deep emotion
Of youth is quieted. Sad heart, be still !"

HEAVEN.

WHAT clouds of mystery are hung
Around that one idea, Heaven ;
And though forever songs have rung
Across its bars, by angels sung,
The veil which hides it is not riven.

It seems our thoughts no higher rise
Than that which we are most desiring ;
We talk of "Heaven in the skies,"
And upward raise our tearful eyes,
But all frame it by their aspiring.

The grave, church-going Christian, sings,
About a place of dream-like beauty
Where all the people have white wings,
And good "Old Hundred" ever rings
From souls who loved to do their duty.

The Infidel unveils his eyes,
And sees Heaven filled with all progression ;
In that blest realm above the skies,
On each square mile he sees arise
A stately Hall for Free Discussion.

The Miser, tottering and old,
Takes up his eye-glass, — Old Opinion, —

And thinks he sees the paving-gold
Has cracks enough for finger-hold
Along the streets of Heaven's dominion.

The apples on the Tree of Life,
A native of the clime of Heaven,
The Drunkard sees with sweetness rife;
And fancies he shall raise a strife
Unless for cider they are given.

He rather thinks some honey rill
Which courses round the heavenly mountains,
Might turn a mighty cider mill
That through Eternity would fill
His mouth from its perpetual fountains.

How many scores of henpecked men
I've seen step into Fancy's carriage,
And drive away beyond my ken
Into *their* Heaven's out-pictured glen,
And tell me angels have no marriage.

The loving husband and the wife,
Whose souls are wreathed in mystic union,
Can clearly see the spirit-life
Will never sever man and wife,
But Heaven sanctions their reunion.

What clouds of mystery are hung
Around that one idea, Heaven;
And though forever songs have rung
Across its bars, by angels sung,
The cloud which veils it is not riven.

NUTTING.

"LET us go nutting, Loo," I said ;
 "The chestnuts brown begin to drop,
The walnut leaves are brown and sere,
 The wind has shaken every top."

Over her braids her hat she threw,
 Her nut-brown hat, ribboned so gay ;
Her step was light ; her eyes of blue
 Held sunshine like the skies of May.

So arm in arm we listless strayed,
 And hearkened while the song-birds sung,
Until we found a hermit glade,
 Then at our feet our baskets flung.

The squirrel gathered, free from harm,
 The nuts which dropped from Autumn's crown ;
Our voices spread no more alarm
 Than the dead leaflets floating down.

"O, how like men," I said, "are trees ;
 They shed their blooms, mature, and die,
And o'er their graves the fall wind grieves,
 And sobbing rain-winds weep and sigh."

"But life is sweet," she softly said,
And on me cast a witching smile ;
My gloomy day-dreams ghost-like fled —
"Yes, Loo, if you my life beguile."

She blushed ; it mocked the Morning's flush ;
A star rose on my stormy sea ;
From out her eyes the pearl-drops gushed —
That precious May shower fell for me.

She pointed to a hardy oak
With graceful elm close by its side ;
"I am the elm and you the oak,
Life's storm-winds meeting side by side."

I clasped her wildly to my breast,
And said : "You are an angel given ;
Not even Death shall e'er us part —
One while on Earth, and one in Heaven."

I'VE BEEN THINKING.

I'VE been thinking, I've been thinking,
While the storm around me raves,
Of the woe the poor are drinking,
Plunged in Agony's wild waves.
God of love, O, why thus bleeding,
Raise the poor their bony arms,
Asking that, while ravens feeding,
You will bless them with your alms?

What mean all our shrines of glory, —
Steeple reaching heaven high,
Pulpits drawling godly story,
Anthems ringing to the sky, —
While beneath the tallest steeple,
Damned to brutalizing toil,
Crowd the weary, starving people,
Eager in the wild turmoil,

Loud and angry curses heaping —
Curses blackened by regret —
On the heads of those who're reaping
Harvests from their bloody sweat?
Boldly, bravely are they asking
Right to Home and right to Soil;

Right to live without o'ertasking
Soul and body with their toil.

Sharks on land, like sharks in water;
Vampires drinking human blood;
Wolves and tigers loving slaughter;
Such are they who dam Life's flood; —
Shutting out Man's precious birthright
To the Earth, the Sea, and Air,
Shutting him from Light and Knowledge,
Making him the hopeful heir
To the black Tartarean region
In which Ignorance reclines,
Where her offspring swarm in legion
From the miasmatic climes.

Gods! what are our teachers thinking?
Why do they from danger fly?
Why are they forever shrinking,
When a storm-cloud flecks our sky?
Are we lost? are we forsaken?
Are we doomed to live and die
Like dumb beasts for burden taken?
Ne'er to Freedom can we fly?

Ay, ye gods! 'tis this I'm thinking,
That the Soul cannot forget
That it ever dreamed of drinking
From a fountain not dried yet —

Waters pure and spirit-laden,
Balmed because they are its own,
In a land as free as Aiden,
Free from sigh, and tear, and groan.

Come the time, and come it quickly,
When the wolves and sharks of earth,
And the pulpits, drawling sickly
Psalms about our Second Birth,
With the loathsome perpetrators
Of the hoary, threadbare, old,
And the shallow conservators
Who would soul and spirit hold,

Shall no more feast on the bleeding
Hearts of those whom they have crushed;
When Jehovah, their hearts reading,
With successes champagne flushed,
Shall pronounce the joyful sentence,
Dooming them to endless night,
Past all power of repentance,
And the earth throw back to light.

I've been thinking, I've been thinking,
Give us Love and give us Mind,
And each one his birthright drinking,
And like brothers all combined,
Earth would not so oft be watered
By our blood and briny tears,
Nor her Nations drowned in slaughter,
But the heavens would echo cheers.

THE DESTITUTE.

FOR a moment, brothers, listen
To the moan which cometh up
From the thin lips of the Destitute
Who drink Life's anguish cup.
There are brows as pale as ashes,
There are hearts as cold as snow,
Coursing on Life's dusky highway —
Look, and you will find it so!

Not alone by tattered garments,
Not alone by horny hands,
Not alone by loud complainings
Of the need of Home and Lands;
Not alone by famished faces,
Or the meek, imploring mien,
Canst single out the Destitute —
All sorrows are not seen.

It is true the poor are outraged —
It is true their souls are crushed
Till their God forgets to blame them,
Though their hands with crime are blushed;
They're defrauded of the Sunlight,
Of God's Lands, and free, fresh Air,

Of their Time to gather knowledge—
Only left enough for care!

But 'neath many a robe of satin
Beateth many a needy heart,
Which, like a complaining angel,
Pleadeth for a little part
Of the Sympathy and Kindness
Which it prizes wealth above.
O, the brow begirt with brilliants!
Would exchange them all for love!

There is many a lone, lone orphan,
Beating out the march of Life
'Mid the clamor and confusion,
All alone amidst the strife.
Treat them kindly, deign to love them,
And thy mother's feelings prove;
Do not pass them coldly, saying,
"Mine are all that I can love."

SLEIGHING.

THE snow-flakes drop as slowly down
From stingy Winter's ice-set crown
As Eagles from a miser's hand
Upon the poor. I, pouting, stand
Before the window, face awry,
To see the little stragglers fly
In whirling circles, round and round,
Scorning to light upon the ground.
They're coaxing each stray breath of wind
Which comes along, of fickle mind,
To act gallant, and bear them hence
To pile up Alps along the fence.
The little aspirants for fun
Have got old Jura well begun,
And piled up many little peaks
In mocking grandeur in their freaks;
They're building towers and minarets,
And kissing my pet violets;
Sure, one would think, to watch their play,
In Snow-flakedom 'twere gala day!

I long for Sleighting! I know who
Has got a cutter painted blue,

And such a lithesome, prancing steed —
A right two-forty nag for speed —
And jingling bells, and buffalo,
And O, he's such a charming beau !
He always buys me lots of candy,
And keeps a store of kisses handy ;
And then, the rogue, why, just in fun,
He'll never give me more than one !
And, thank his pains, that's quite enough !
I never thank him for such stuff !
Last night, he told me he would call
And take me to the New Year ball,
If by to-night 'tis decent sleighing ;
But still the snow-flakes keep on playing,
And act as if they'd quite forgot
To light, or could not find a spot.

WEEP.

WEEP for the death-pangs of the heart
When life is ebbing low ;
Weep that the poisoned dart of Death
Steals the faint breath so slow.
Weep when the eye grows wild with pain,
And shadowy angels kneel
About the bedside of the loved ;
Weep for the pain they feel !

Weep for the spirit bleeding lone,
Crushed by the hand of Grief,
And search thy hand for some sweet tone
To offer it relief.

Weep for the life-charm early flown,
Life's roses laid in dust ;
Weep when the star of Love goes down,
Clouded by dark Distrust.

Weep when the pale, thin hands of Want
Clinch tightly round the poor,
And never let thy proud heart vaunt
Because Wealth treads thy floor.

Weep that the dusky hands of Crime
Are wringing sinless hearts ;
Weep when the maiden, pure as snow,
Falls by seductive arts.

STRANGE.

STRANGE Mind, which sends such teeming thoughts,
Such passions and desire,
With will and godlike wisdom fraught,
To set the world on fire.

Strange Life, which gives us human form,
To dwell a day on earth,
Of happiness, or pain and woe —
Of misery, or mirth.

Strange Death, which ushers Life anew
On those who fly from this,
Which, while Earth fades away from view,
Unveils a Heaven of bliss.

Strange World, with its phantasmic show,
Deceitful in its beams;
A world of happiness and woe,
Reality — and dreams.

LOVE.

THEY say she was my husband's flame
Long ere I came to know it,
And that he loved her very much —
Symptoms all seem to show it.
Well, any man of twenty-five,
Who never loved a lady,
Reminds me of a willow sprout
Grown where 'tis cool and shady.

I know she has a winning way —
Indeed, she's quite a beauty;
Well, when men worship pretty girls,
I think they do their duty.
The man whose eyes are closely shut
Against the charms of Woman,
Would never love a darling wife —
'Tis a most truthful omen.

What if his lips her own have pressed?
Nothing, save she's the gainer,
Not I the loser; — such a fact
Can only make me vainer;
For she's a bonnie, petted girl,
As any in the nation,

And sure I'd rather she were so
Than lowest of creation.

When first he talked to me of Love —
A savañ in its tactics —
I felt quite thankful some one else
Had had his early practice.
Now do you think that Second Loves
Have cause for dark reflection?
Practice improves in every thing,
And Love is no exception.

HOW SHE CAME.

I THOUGHT I had Aladdin's lamp,
And said, O genie, rise !
Bring to my home a bonny maid,
With soft and loving eyes,
With cheeks that pale the morning's flush,
And lips that dim the rose's blush.

He scanned my mind, then sought the East,
To cull the rarest flower
Which blossomed in that morning land,
But came without the dower,
Saying, she dwells not in that land —
In proof I quote my wizard band.

Then to the West, you clumsy elf!
Go to the setting sun ;
She must inherit Beauty's dower,
And brighter charms have on ;
For she shall have a sage's mind,
By purity and grace refined:

The genie scowled as he flew past,
And doubtful, shook his head ;

But back returned with smiling face,
And brought a maid to wed ;
Before my eyes my darling stood
In all the grace of womanhood.

EVERALLYN.

SHE comes to me on a moonbeam bright,
Down in the elm-grown glade ;
Her eyes are soft as orbs of night,
Her form a silver shade ; —
My Everallyn, loved so well,
The blue-eyed, fairy maid.

We parted when the spring-flowers bloom ;
They laid her in the grave ;
My heart became a joyless tomb ;
Oft wept I by her grave ; —
My Everallyn, loved so well,
Crossed o'er Death's Lethic wave.

But now she comes to me again ;
I breathe her fragrant breath ;
I press her lips of air to mine —
She has not tasted death.
My Everallyn, loved so well,
For thee there is no death.

JOAN D'ARC.

In a vale of clustering vine leaves,
Far away in sunny France,
Where the skies are blue and smiling,
And the sunbeams gayly dance,
Long before the blessed sunlight
Beamed on you, my friend, or me,
Lived a holy, dreaming Maiden,
Who could saintly angels see.

Often when she went to chapel,
And the bells were ringing clear,
She could hear low spirit-voices
Speaking softly in her ear;
Sometimes when she musing lingered
Till the shadow-curtains hung
O'er the tall and dusky windows
And the lamp its dim light flung,

Saw she shadowy angel-figures;
Each one wore a gleaming crown,
And they told the trembling Maiden
They were saints of old renown,
Missioned by a power in Heaven,
And to her these words they gave:

"See! Joan, the prince is flying!
Up! thy bleeding country save!"

When, with deep eyes brightly beaming,
She would tell the wild tale o'er,
Many said, "'Tis but thy fancy;
Let it pass, and dream no more."
But the haunting angel-figures
Still around the girl would dance,
And were ever mutely urging,
"Thou, Joan, must rescue France."

Mounted she her snowy charger,
Donned she then a shining dress,
Seized a sword from the cathedral,
Bade her horse the green grass press;
Rushed she on into the battle,
Conquered she with magic skill,
Won the honors by her daring,
Which entwine her fair name still.

At the brilliant coronation
Of the prince, the Maiden stood
Close beside him with her banner;
In a timid, tearful mood,
Knelt she down upon the pavement,
Weeping tears like summer rain,
Crying, "Now my work is finished,
Send me to my home again."

But the king cried "No!" and showered
Golden treasures on her head,
But they dazzled not her vision,
And a holy life she led;
On Time's wing came other battles,
And Joan, the peerless, fell;
She was captured, tried, and murdered
In a way I shrink to tell.

Sorcery, priests said she'd practised;
For the loving angels came
Then as now, and for her forehead
Twined the fleeting Wreath of Fame;
Heresy they charged upon her,
"Burn the girl!" they fiercely cried;
It was done — and, wildly shrieking,
'Mid the flames the Maiden died.

In the fair old town of Rouen,
Where the waving grass grows high
Round the towers of the cathedral,
Looking upward to the sky,
Stands a statue of the Maiden,
Who, long days and years ago,
Saw, as we do, sainted angels,
And could hear their silver tone.

COMMISSIONED.

ONE chill evening I was sitting
In the firelight's fitful glow,
Playing with the fancies flitting
Round my heart, as cold as snow,
When a dream of bliss stole o'er me
Like a flood of cheering light,
And an angel stood before me,
Clad in robes of misty white.

On my brow she placed her finger,
Sweetly singing me to sleep,
Saying kindly she would linger
Till I sunk in slumber deep;
And that then she would unchain me,
And would lead me far away,
Where the sunbeams ever play,
And the angels would detain me
For a time 'mid beauty gay.

In the shadowy presence holy,
Dimness gathered round me slowly,
And no sound the stillness broke,
Save the low and harp-like singing,
Which the spirit-lips were flinging

Round me, till in Heaven I woke,
And my guiding angel spoke :
"Know'st thou yonder shining spirit,
Who this Eden land inherits?"

Azure eyes, with fondness beaming,
Looked upon me from afar,
As I saw an angel gleaming
Bright as Evening's proudest star.
Swift as light she came to meet me,
Whispering in my startled ear,
"Tis thy mother, child, who greets thee
In this lovely, heavenly sphere."

Mother! name I'd ever cherished,
But had never known her love,
For in early time she perished
Mid Earth's storms and went above.
And within the country church-yard
I had wreathed a grassy mound
O'er with flowers, for they told me
Mother slept within the ground.
But where purest angels hover
In the holy realms above,
I had found my dearest mother —
I had found a mother's love!

Tenderly she spoke of sorrow
Which had chilled her orphan child;

But she whispered, "Thy 'to-morrow'
With the angels shall be mild.
Be brave-hearted, do thy duty,
Then come up to realms of Beauty."

Voicelessly she whispered to me,
"Would'st thou roam our spirit-land?
Come with me, and I will guide thee,"
And she clasped my trembling hand.

Over scenes of dream-like beauty,
Bathed in glory-circling light,
On we passed; the air was sweetness,
All was radiant and bright.

Soon we reached a shining river,
And while resting by its wave,
"Shall I tell you," said the spirit,
Of a toiling, fettered slave?"

"When the earth had beauty bloomed,
And had decked her face with flowers,
Down the path of ages gloomed
Soul, a stranger to its bowers.

"A companion there it found,
'Mong all other beauteous things,
So the twain were quickly bound,
And Soul folded up its wings.

"Soul, the shining, heavenly saint,
Body made a toiling slave,
"And it panted, pale and faint,
As a struggler on the wave.

"Custom came with shining chain,
Wreathing it; for life it gasped,
But its tears and cries were vain —
Body's fingers clinked the clasp.

"In its dark and gloomy cage,
Cooking, sweeping, lighting fires,
It has toiled for many an age,
To abate the base desires.

"Still benumbed with toil and sin,
Silent as a trembling star,
Longs the soul to enter in
To the goal it sees afar.

"Like a wing-clipped dove it pines,
Leaning from its prison bars,
Out to watch the cheering signs,
Countless, almost, as the stars.

"Be it thine to teach the slave,
As we teach the mode to thee,
To reform th' exacting knave,
Body, ere it can be free.

"Heaven-commissioned child, I send thee
Back again to toil on earth;
Holy angels aid will lend thee,
And thou knowest well its worth.
Be brave-hearted, do thy duty,
Then come up to realms of Beauty!"

Slowly then the vision faded,
And Earth's curtains Eden shaded.

A HOPE.

I HAVE a Hope, 'tis only half expressed,
That I may dwell on earth to see the day
When every wrong and sin shall be redressed,
And Truth and Right o'er all may cast their ray,
And darkness flee,
Like storm at sea,
Or a cloud-shadow o'er the grassy lea.

For all my transient life I've felt the wrong
Press heavily upon my youthful thought.
Oft have I watched with sorrow Earth's mad throng,
Too oft to see the Truth by Error bought
In marts of trade,
In praises paid,
And wept to see so soon the bargains made.

All things are wrong to what they might be made;
I'd see them righted by angelic sway;
Then with a tear the wrong in earth we laid,
And for a knell alone the rattling clay.
All have their day,
And fade away,
Like evanescent rainbow's lurid play.

The Right triumphant over dying Might,
Its victory already loudly cries,
And through the fog I see the dawning light
In golden morning gild the spirit's sky.
 'Tis coming soon,
 And ere it's noon,
We'll live to love each other, not alone.

SPIRIT-VOICES.

WHEN the Day-god, worn and weary,
Sinks behind the shadowy hills,
And the cooing of the ring-dove,
Like sweet loves, my bosom thrills;
When the sunset clouds, like vessels,
Coast upon the airy sea,
Beaming with the forms of angels,
Spirit-voices come to me.

When the shadow-wand of Midnight
Casts around my couch a spell,
And the images of dream-land
Stray from out their fairy dell;
And with airy, velvet fingers
Fold my eyes, and hush my glee,
Like the notes of elfin music,
Spirit-voices come to me.

When Night's pet child, Morning Twilight,
Trips along with flying feet
O'er the pastures strewn with clover,
Redolent with fragrance sweet;

And with dainty, rose-tipped fingers
Folds the shadow shades for me,
Fraught with love-words, softly spoken,
Spirit-voices come to me.

Yester night I joined the giddy
Throng that revelled in the dance,
And when gleaming lamps were lighting
Floating forms and Beauty's glance,
Sweeter than the softest music,
Or the silver gush of glee,
Straying on the perfumed ether,
Spirit-voices came to me.

Ne'er is there a night so starless,
Or a day so fraught with bliss,
That I hear not spirit-voices,
Or return some angel kiss.
When I'm sad the gentle angels
Fold the heart-shades all aside,
And they smile when golden joy beams
O'er me, like May sunshine, glide.

A DREAM.

YESTER night a dream of beauty
Stole into my quiet brain,
And I fancied I was roaming
O'er my Childhood paths again;
Hand in hand with little brother,
Loving as two mated doves,
We went building wee playhouses
In the little elder groves.

On our floors the green moss carpet
Spread, as soft as rich Brussels;
Flowers bloomed in paddock vases,
Gathered from the woody dells;
Concave barks made into cradles,
Lined with feathery milk-weed down,
Served to quiet our rag babies,
With my non-maternal frown.

Cows, made out of crook-neck squashes,
Seeming real in our play,
Ruminated on the pasture
Stretching from our door away;
Dandelion blossoms fashioned
Into pyramidal grace,

Aping rolls of yellow butter,
In our pantry found a place.

All the mimicry of world-life
Lived I over once again,
All the blemishes of world-strife
Which has on me left its stain,
Fled like Night before the Morning
In that rosy-tinted dream
Of the days when Life's young sunlight
Shed but brightness in its gleam.

When my cup of joy seemed fullest,
And I saw my mother stand
Beckoning from the low-roofed cottage
To me, with her pale thin hand,
Like white wings, bare feet flew onward,
Skimming grass and daisies o'er —
One more bound and I should meet her
Waiting for me in the door!

Then the birdling at my bosom
Nestled, waking me from sleep,
And I passed from Child to Woman
At that hurried, flying leap!
I woke to feel Life's duties
Press upon the dream-child free;
Woke to quiet the wee darling
Clinging trustingly to me!

Woke to know the old brown cottage
Long has been in ruin laid;
In its place a stately mansion
Sits among the locust shade.
Strangers tread our dear old playground,
For our little household band
Now is broken, sadly broken,
By relentless Change's hand.

Two, arrayed in snowy garments,
With white wreaths about their head,
Went away — one to the bridal,
One to join the spectral dead;
All the rest are widely parted,
But the union hour will come
Full of joy as in my vision,
In the Spirits' final home.

LIGHT.

How gay is the yellow sunlight,
And the golden sheen it weaves,
To throw o'er the haughty tree tops,
And down on the young rose leaves.
It calls from the cold Earth's bosom
The flowers which were chill and dead,
And smiles them awake to beauty
By gilding each hooded head.

How sweet is the stilly moonlight,
That white lady's silver veil,
Who hushes the busy Daytime
From telling its care-fraught tale;
Who gathers the little birdlings
All home to their night-tide rest,
And hangs up the shadow curtains
In the trees around the nest.

How dear is the holy starlight
For the gentle thought it brings,
For the soft and soothing magic
Which drops from its silver wings;

For the thoughts of her who loved me
E'er the spectral crew, so pale
On Death's vessel, came to take her
Across to the spirit-vale.

But dearer than all the love-light
Which looks from an earnest eye,
Unfolding the buds of feeling
And hushing the lone heart's sigh;
My heart is a place of beauty,
Since love-light upon it falls,
For pictures as fair as Heaven
Are painted upon its walls.

THE THREE PATRIOTS.

AMID the raging of tempestuous night,
Where springs which feed three rivers well,
On snow-clad summit of an Alpine height,
There met three men of blood, like Tell.
They held the fate of millions in their hands,
And laid with subtle art their daring plans,
To throw from noble shoulders Tyrants' yoke.
Their rugged brows and flashing glance,
Their restlessness of speech and action spoke
Of cannon's boom and clash of lance;
Few words upon the mountain stillness broke,—
Unanimous they cried, "Advance!"

To arms! to arms! The hoping Nation rush
From mountain gorge and flowery dell
Oppressive Tyranny in dust to crush.
The peaceful farmer hears the swell;
The chamois hunter, on the Alpine sides,
Swift as an arrow down the glaciers glides;
The shepherd, pasturing goats upon the rocks,
Hears from below the mighty voice,
And throws it through the crags with aching shocks,
Until each chasm and rock rejoice,
And seems that every Alpine mountain rock
In cadence to that anthem's voice.

As river long restrained by damming force,
Breaks from its chains on night of rain,
And loudly muttering in thunder hoarse,
With maddened torrent sweeps the plain,
'So slumbering long 'neath Tyrants' hateful power,
The Nation's fearful, wild, awakening hour —
To ashes fell the trembling Tyrant's throne,
Borne downward by the frenzied flood.
"Freedom to all our peaceful Nation's homes;
Freedom to all, or price of blood."
In peace the shepherd on the mountain roams,
And peaceful rise the smoke from million homes.

From small beginnings grandest history flows,
As little springs great rivers feed;
The rolling ball at every motion grows,
So does the Truth in onward speed,
Until it flows into a shoreless sea,
Up to the throne of the Infinity.
Thus does Reform commence on night of blood,
Thus rings through rugged minds its voice,
Oft from a rolling stream of steaming blood,
Where martyrs to the truth rejoice
That they are standing where the sages stood,
For giving Truth and Right their voice.

MEMORIES.

FORMS long forgotten will sometimes come back,
And steal, like a vision, across the Soul's track,
And utter some love-word they breathed long ago,
Which floated from memory with Time's ebbing flow.

I know the witch, Fancy, hath marvellous art
To picture the forms which are dear to the heart;
But the angels which flit, robed in white, through my
dreams,
Are real, not creatures of fancy, it seems.

Their soft, velvet fingers smooth back my loose hair,
And wreath in its tresses white joy-blossoms fair;
I gaze in their eyes, with their soul-speaking light,
And feel that the love-chain which binds us is bright.

Their tones are like singing which steals o'er the wave,
And just like the ones which were hushed by the grave;
O, I know they are loving — those gone friends of mine
Are living and loving, in homes all divine.

WHY DOST THOU LOVE ME?

Is 't wealth or is it beauty
 Which prompts this love of thine?
 'Tis often that I've asked you;
 O, make the secret mine!

'Tis not for wealth I love thee —
 That I can easy gain;
 Nor is it for thy beauty,
 Which will not meet Life's aim.

I know not why I love you;
 And should you make me pause
 To give a better reason,
 I'd answer you — Because!

LEONORE.

I AM alone, and all the weary day
Have stalked about the house like aimless ghost
For a memento which would bring to me
Some pleasant thought to keep me company.
At last I saw this little tinselled box,
Which, like a maiden's heart, hoards slyly up
Full many pledges of devoted love, —
The sacred relics of Affection gone
With early golden days.

Sly peeping out
From scented notes, and mottoes sweet, I see
A little group of pale and withered flowers,
On which the May-dew glittered long ago.
Upon each ashen leaf I read a tale
Of moon-lit hours and star-bejewelled sky,
And mossy banks, where grew their cherished flowers,
And stream which poured seducing music out,
And fluttering hearts, and tender, fearful eyes,
And Love's bewitching and impassioned words.
With Fancy's ear I hear a deep-toned voice
Pouring into a maiden's willing ear
These words, — and where canst find a heart
When fired by Passion that can safely list?

The birds are whispering love in Freedom sweet;
The streamlet flies enamoured to the lake,
To nestle in its bosom — I to thee,
My beautiful affianced, and my own.
The blood burns on thy cheek as well as mine,
And we are one, though priest has said it not.
Look up, my Leonore, into my eyes,
For thine are full of dew, clearer than Eve's,
And let my passion drink thy tears.

May God forgive them, if, in maddening heat
Of Youth's high pulses, and 'neath Passion's fire,
Pure while 'twas yet restrained, they fell!
They parted, trembling much with guilty fear,
In fog, and mist, and sobbing rain of tears.
Ah me! 'twas sad to see how wan and pale
So bright a flower became, and what a shade
Of dark despair contained her being in;
While her Allurer — angels cleanse his heart —
Strode through the world with daring on his brow,
And all the hauteur which a king could wear.

These flowers, emblem of her spotless love,
She ever cherished; sacred souvenir
From him who breathed with Passion's burning lips
The breath of Love upon their petal tips.
One Autumn day, wrapped in a mournful dream,
She wandered by a sleeping river's shore,
And something told her 'twas a crystal bridge

To bear her spirit from its deep despair
To dreamless rest.

 So she her white arms flung
Above her head, and gave one maddened spring,
And passed across to Heaven's golden gate,
And entered in.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

UPON a mountain's summit, where the pine
Grows tall, and shadowy Night stays 'mong the firs,
And rocks are piled confusedly to the sky,
A single giant footprint may be seen
Imprinted on the bleakest, wildest, topmost crest.
Around the Tempest long has raged, and rain,
And sleet, and snow have beat, but still 'tis there.
Manito left it long ago. He saw
His children fight, and tear, and burn; he saw
How sinful and how rude the Red Man was.

"Ah, this will never, never do," said he;
So on the lightnings he came down to teach;
He dwelt among the Children of the wild,
And made them great and good.

He taught great things;
The bow to bend, to smoke the dreamy pipe,
The friendly calumet of social peace;
His lessons ended, the Great Spirit went
Up to the mountain summit. There he stood,
Like storm-cloud trimmed with light. In thunder tones
He said: "Remember, children, all my words!"
And then he gave a sudden, upward spring,
Into the azure mist where go the braves;

And as he sprang his foot pressed 'gainst the rock,
Which still retains the Spirit's step.

Still waves

The pine, and Night all day hides in the fir,
And Tempests rave around the splintered rock,
Like wounded forest bears. Unnumbered frosts
Have yearly painted Autumn's leaves, but still
That step remains. One giant stride is all
That hides our braves and their broad hunting-grounds
From us! Manito, like a father good,
Has gone before, and left the way well marked
For Red Man to go up.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

ALONE he sits within his quiet chamber,
With his pale, restless face bowed on his hand,
While mem'ries through the wilds of dreamland clamber,
And softly gather 'round a smiling band ;
There's one, a blue-eyed giglet, round him dancing,
With blushing cheeks and shining golden hair,
Playing at game of lips, then slyly glancing,
With eye askant, to hide behind his chair.

He minds him how in Manhood's brilliant morning
The fair young creature flew across his way,
Wreathed in the witching grace and frail adorning
Of Womanhood, in lifetime's rosy May.
With fiery heart, and honeyed words endearing,
He breathed strange fancies in her willing ear ;
And she grew weary of her vain careering,
And smiled and listened when he called her dear.

When starry eyes were 'mong the shadows smiling,
And dewdrops trembled on the young rose leaves,
He wooed her ; from her rose-bud lips beguiling
Sweet promises, those soft, blue summer eves ;
Faintly, like sunbeams on a shaded river,
Love's witchery on her spirit broke,

And with his voice her fragile form would quiver,
When of Love's fancies wilderily he spoke.

Awhile they floated on, like two ships sailing
O'er the same track upon a golden sea;
But a wan angel came, her young brow paling,
And hushing every silver gush of glee;
They laid her down to sleep among the daisies
Which bloomed in beauty on a woodland lea;
But each lone day her constant lover raises
Some plaintive heart-note to her memory.

BRIDAL MUSINGS.

THE evening twilight's lengthened shades
Are dancing gayly by,
Like spirits through celestial glades,
Within the curtained sky ;
They glide among the fading flowers,
And o'er the yellow grass,
And hang the shadows round the bowers
Of heart-land, as they pass.

I know I should not wear a cloud
Of sadness, for to-day
I stood a hopeful maiden proud,
And Girlhood flew away,
When I, within his offered hand,
Half fearful placed my own,
And said, "I'd walk Earth's flower-lit land
With him, till Life had flown."

The wedding ring is on my hand —
I bear his cherished name ;
A wreath of love entwines my brow,
As pure as angels claim.
I know his heart is brave and true ;
I love his haughty smile ;

His eyes of deep and earnest blue,
Can every grief beguile.

Ah me, how dizzily I float
Upon the Sea of Bliss,
With him beside me in Life's boat,
When raging storm-winds hiss.
'Tis all the heaven I would gain,
If I by harmless art
Can evermore his love retain,
And live within his heart.

LELE.

To-day he is coming! Fair Lele is curling
Her hair o'er her finger with exquisite care;
Adjusting stray ringlets, and brightest buds twirling
With care which seemed careless, half hid in their
snare.

A year has been winging its days o'er the maiden,
Since o'er the deep waters he floated away;
Her lips are untouched; still her fresh heart is laden
With love for him yet. He is coming to-day!

Coming to-day!

Lele is gay!

A rare dower of splendors in tender array
Young Lele has on, like Spring's kindlings in May.

A stranger has come. A dark shadow hangs o'er him,
And paler he turns as Lele bounds along;
O God! can he wither the beauty before him?
Must *he* still the heart that is gushing with song?
"I bring thee, dear lady, a shell from the ocean, —
The treacherous ocean, the cannibal sea, —
A gift from Sir James, an emblem of devotion,
Which, present or absent, went ever to thee;

The pearly shell

A tale will tell,

Of a pilgrim who went to an ocean dell,
And never came back. God help thee — farewell!"

Lele took the shell, when out from its pink bosom

A little note fluttered, and fell on the floor,
And a lone stem of ivy, devoid of a blossom,

Shook out from its heart, saying, "Hope never more !
Sir James is at rest in a hall of the ocean

Which lies 'neath the evening star far in the west ;
The voice which comes up from the tread of the Ocean,
Is dirging forever above his brave breast.

Lone is his hall ;

Gay is his pall,

Of coral, and sea-flower, and bright pearl and amber ;
He dreams but of thee in that far, silent chamber."

A year has gone by with its wildness and anguish,

And Lele again is arranging her hair ;

She clings to her palor, but wears not the languish

Of old — rosy Hope makes her dread whiteness fair.

To-day he is coming ! With thin, pallid fingers

She wreathes the green ivy, which lives on decay,

Among her brown ringlets. "No longer I linger

Away from the bridal. He's coming to-day !"

The maiden pale

Took a glory veil,

And passed from our sight like a pale beam of light,
Pausing in the land which knows not any night.

THE DYING ROBIN.

A ROBIN on the damp grass lies,
His feathers flecked with gore;
The lids fall o'er his diamond eyes,
To open never more.

His life flows out like tiny brook,
Which leaves its bosom dry;
O, it is mournful e'en to look
And see a robin die.

Methinks I read the thoughts which flash
Within his dizzy brain;
Ah, with his trembling note he'd ask
His mate to soothe his pain.


"A drop of dew to quench my thirst,
To loose my weary tongue;
My loving mate, her heart will burst
In moanings to our young.

"Ah, when her ear no longer hears
My carol to the morn,
Allaying all her anxious fears,
The woods will be forlorn.

"No longer singing in the spray,
Or to our callow brood,
No longer bringing through the day,
Our little ones their food.

"I must lie here upon the ground
A loathsome piece of clay;
O, cruel hand which gave the wound
That steals my life away!

"The cold earth drinks my crimsoned life,
The damp grass holds my head,"
His brown wings fluttered once in strife;
I looked, and he was dead!



DEATH OF THE YEAR.

SLOWLY and sad the Year with measured tread
Rolls onward to its dreary, snow-clad grave.
All round I see the fading hues of Death,
Like rainbow tints on dying dolphins' sides.
So beautiful the Forest's mantling green,
I ne'er could think of its so swift decay.
The thieving Frost came like a famished wolf;
The whitened meadows sparkled in the morn;
I knew it was the death-damp of the year,
Congealed in sparkling drops by agony.

It was the knell of all the gorgeous flowers:
The purple Gentian by the wayside stream,
The yellow Aster in the hedges green,
The tall, wild Sunflower bordering the fields,
The biting frosts in that one night devoured.
The forest giants changed their emerald robes
To Autumn's deep and variegated sear —
First putting on chameleon hues of Death,
Each other vying in fantastic dress.

Down in the meadow stands a clump of trees —
Dark shining walnuts, which I've yearly watched

As frosts come on, since I was but a child, —
While by the woodman's axe their comrades fell,
For their exquisite beauty they were spared.
How they excited boyish fancies strange!
In wild conjecturings how changed their hues!
How I have sighed when their dark, beauteous leaves
Faded and crisped, and floated to the ground!
Those days have passed! On fleetest wings they fled;
No more, no more can they return to me.
O, happy spring-time of this fleeting life,
Too happy long to last! Too happy days!
Too much, too much like spring-time not to feel
The bleak and freezing winds and wintry storms.

Each day the Forest grand makes change for worse;
The purple maple grows more sombre brown;
The leaves grow crisp, and rustle in the wind;
The bitter frosts have brought new traits to light,
Of which we otherwise had never dreamed.
So oftentimes is it with most common men,
Who never show how great and grand they are
Until they feel the adverse frosts of life.

Now float the crisp leaves on the Autumn's breath,
Which, like an eager wolf, bears them away.
They float upon the air like hairs of age;
The aged year is reeling to its grave;
The birds, which all the summer music made,
Have fled to genial climes. The jay and crow

Sing, mournful as the rustle of the leaves,
Their farewell dirges to the dying Year;
The wailing trees, stripped of their summer robes,
With naked arms oppose the biting blast;
October haze no longer nestles down
Upon the hills since pelted by the rains;
The dripping Earth lays like a drownéd man
With water oozing from his matted locks.

O, saddest days of all the measured Year!
Foretaste of dreary Winter, bleak and cold,
Whose fleecy flakes spit from the dusky clouds
Which hang o'er earth their gloomy, shrouding pall.
Soon will they wrap the Year, as sheeted dead,
To sleep till smiling Spring sounds loud and clear
Its resurrection trump. Then will it rise
As fresh and new as on Creation's morn.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

LIGHTLY are the snow-flakes flying,
And the sobbing winds are sighing,
Like the voice of young Hope dying,
 Round me while I watch alone
For a spirit meek and lowly,
To come back from regions holy,
And to part these gloom-clouds slowly
 With her tender angel-tone.

Softly pearly tears have started,
While winged thoughts from Memory darted
O'er my soul, of the departed —
 Ah, why do I love them so?
Slowly is my sad heart beating
That the hours so slow are fleeting
Which will bring the happy meeting
 In the vale where tears ne'er flow.

Ah, she comes! Love-light is streaming
From her eyes, with beauty gleaming,
Brighter far than Memory's dreaming
 Of their earnest, faded light.
Like wan Grief to Gladness kneeling,
Come sweet feelings o'er me stealing,
With the beauteous revealing
 Of the angel pure and bright.

MY HOME.

ANGELS shade it with their wings,
Shutting out unholy things;
Witching music round it floats,
Breathing for me lute-like notes;
Richest thoughts are treasured there —
Fancy-pictures, wild and fair;
Beauty's fingers gild each part ; —
O, my Home is a noble heart.

Love's pure sunshine round it gleams,
Shedding over me its beams;
All the angels' choicest flowers
Bloom within its cherished bowers;
Buds of purity are there,
Truth is wreathed in garlands rare;
Intellect its blossoms pale
Opens to the perfumed gale.

Beautiful to me it seems
As a palace framed in dreams;
And I cannot be more blest
Than within its peace to rest.
Since I'm called its bliss to share,
I would rest forever there,
Till the spirit vales I roam,
Happy in an Angel Home.

ON THE SEA.

BOUNDING o'er the seas we go,
Like an arrow from the bow ;
Dashing through the briny foam,
O'er the sparkling waves we roam.
 Bounding o'er the seas we go,
 All around the waters flow,
 All around's the briny foam ;
 On the snowy wave's our home.

Birds of sea around us scream ;
Lurid lightnings round us gleam ;
Thunders shout across the deep,
Tempests rush with giant sweep —

CHORUS :

Stanch our bark the billows breasts,
Sporting on their snowy crests ;
Fleet as courser wet with foam,
Dearly loved, it is our home.

CHORUS :

Home of the bold, the brave, and free,
Beautiful the raving sea,

With its billows clad in foam, —

On the seas, O, charming home!

Bounding o'er the seas we go,

All around the waters flow ;

All around's the sparkling foam ;

On the wave, O, charming home!

AN INVOCATION.

DEAR mother, leave thy spirit-home
In climes to me unknown,
And come and stay with me to-night,
For I am all alone ;
He, my soul's soul, is gone to-night;
And home is dark 'mid floods of light.

Each stirring sound is fast asleep ;
There's not an answering tone
To echo back the words I'd breathe —
'Tis sad to be alone.
Come, 'tis so silent, mother dear,
Thy spirit-footsteps I could hear.

It almost seems that could I feel
Thy angel arms entwine
About me in one fond embrace
Of feeling all divine,
That gladness would about me play,
And chase this sullen gloom away.

From out each recess of my heart
A grinning ghost has crept,
And mocked at all my dearest hopes,
Until I turned and wept ;

I thought, sweet friend, 'twere Folly's height
To frame high hopes 'neath Memory's light.

One form, with icy, freezing eyes,
And ghost-like, floating hair,
Has startled Fancy with its cries,
And lurks anear my chair.
Come, mother, I am all alone,
And every ray of joy has flown.

Another, with a hoarse, deep voice,
Is gibbering by the door,
And now and then I hear its steps
Gliding across the floor.
• I start — I pause — I dare not look —
A goblin's stare I cannot brook.

I know that 'wilder'd maniac voice;
I've heard its tones before;
I thought the grave had hushed its notes —
It did — I dream them o'er!
O mother, if you love your child,
Come now, and hush this gibbering wild.

Come, fold about my heart thy wings,
And lull my fears to rest;
Come, tell me of the Angel-land,
Thy home among the blest.
In silence I will watch alone,
Until I hear thy spirit-tone.

THE UNDECEIVED.

HE tells me he has loved me as a brother
Would love a trusting sister, and no more.
I feel 'tis true ; but O, how hard to smother
Each rosy hope I've cherished o'er and o'er ;
I never had a brother, and unthinking
Of the deep arts which brothers use in love,
I've drank his Friendship as a flower unshrinking
Drinks up the dews, and deems them tears of Love.

While he has scattered, I have garnered treasures
Of tender words, and smiles, and locks of hair,
Until my heart, the all-receiving measure,
Was brimming o'er, and nothing else was there.
Through Summer eves I listened to the breathings
Of fervent love ; I questioned not its kind,
Until he told me. Now the beauteous wreathings
Of artless Fancy vanish like the wind.

Gently as Zephyrs sway the morning-glories,
My soul has swayed to his subduing will ;
Laughed at his wit, sighed o'er his mournful stories,
Till his revealing bade it "Peace, be still."
O, I have loved his studied acts of kindness,
Each trivial praise, each careless, fond caress,

Until I loved *him* 'neath my veil of blindness,
With a whole heart of gushing tenderness.

He loves me as a sister! That is tender,
And I should thank him, yet it brings but pain;
It throws eclipse o'er all my fancied splendor,
And I'm heart-homeless, out in Sorrow's rain.
And he is going — going o'er the Ocean,
Perhaps to win life's crown — a blushing bride —
And learn the warmer hue of Love's devotion
Than the fraternal, and push mine aside.

My soul is harking for funereal marches,
Harped by the angels; but it matters not,
For I shall love him 'neath Heaven's bending arches,
And weep in sorrow, though I am forgot.
Yet it is well. 'Tis better that he told me,
Though it bring grief, like a hot Ætna tide,
Than for a rosy while, all masked, to fold me
In a false love, then throw the mask aside.

LIFE'S PASSION STORY.

SCENE I.

*A Library.—Evening. Two Brothers, LUCIEN and
RUDOLPH, in conversation.*

LUCIEN.

I HAVE all faith in man ; but point him right,
And he to Truth, and Truth alone will turn ;
Though Nations stand aghast at direful War,
Though Tyrants crush the groaning millions down,
And ride to conquest over gory States,
And Empires bowed, and Nations dumb with fear ;
Though crime at noonday fearless stalk abroad,
And calloused villains tread the blushing streets ;
Still do I know that there is goodness yet,
And truth, and purity, and love, within
The human soul. But give the angel light
'Twill mount, like eagle, to the bending skies
Spotless and pure, as spirits of the blest.
Soul is a part of the Divinity,
And every man has this incarnate God
Gleaming from out the dust and rubbish which
Stifles so oft the pleadings of its voice.
I see a God in every beggar boy ;
In him who crouches in his tattered garb ;

The wan-faced victim gnashed by habits' wolves;
In him the World calls villain, scoundrel, knave,
Who steals, and lies, and cheats, and falsely swears;
Who, like a vampire, drinks his fill of blood;
Who blasts his heart, his spirit blights,
His moral nature to a savage dwarfs;
In all I see a beam of light enshrined,
Which but awaits the proper time and place
To wrest the circling gloom of night aside,
And shine as bright as any of the stars.

RUDOLPH.

The blotched old World may have some beauty spots,
But do not trust the incarnate you boast,
Or incarnated devil it will prove.
The World's a rascal — a masked knave,
An ugly, bloated, and unseemly hag,
Who from her foul and loathsome pit of sin
Croaks hoarse and loudly of some unknown truth.
I tell you all are false; and he who trusts
A man for Manhood's sake alone, will find,
Too soon, that 'tis as well to trust to wolves
Protection of the tender lambs. I know
The world.

Men have a price, and can be bought,
Like corn, or apples, at the market price.
Some sell for much, some less; but all will sell;
And of their manhood give a title deed.

To gain a penny some will barter Heaven ;
Some ask for Fame, and sell for two-line puffs,
By brainless editors, in vapory sheets ;
Some Office ask ; some Pleasure seek. All have
A price ; which, pay, and they are yours.

LUCIEN.

But think of all the mighty wrongs they share ;
How they are trampled 'neath the ruler's feet,
And grope in darkness black as Egypt's gloom ;
The soul is stifled by a narrow creed ;
And Thought, whene'er it fain would soar aloft,
Is clogged to earth, and crushed beneath the heel
Of Public Will — the fearful dragon, Argus-eyed,
Who umpire sits o'er every novel thought
To still its first faint throbbings ere 'tis born ;
And many, frightened by the awful din,
Awakened by the birth of vigorous Thought,
Like Hebrew mother, take the gasping thing,
And hide it from the searching sight of those
Who hunt, like famished wolves, the thinker's steps.
And men, who might o'erturn the darkened world,
And make the Sun of Truth in zenith shine,
For fear, and fear alone, have silence kept ;
They dare not act the mighty thoughts which swell
Their hearts, for fear of scorn and hate of those
Who keep the olden path their fathers trod.
I tell you, Rudolph, there is good in all ;
For 'tis a truth, all do the best they can ;

All seek for light and stumble in the search.
The thoughtless world sweeps down the tide of wrong !
It lifts its icy hands and gasps for help !
And shall we pour out curses on its head ?
Or, standing far above the seething tide,
Point out the shoals, the treacherous rocks and bars ?

RUDOLPH.

A hot-brained youth, you build sand-founded domes
From visions of your poet mind ; and fog
And air take form, and all don angel shapes.
You, like the traveller on Saharian wastes,
Before whose vision lakes and forests rise,
The mirage of a fevered fancy, chase,
Like him, to find it ever flies pursuit !
Ah, when within your reach, you'd lay your hand
Upon the goodness of the world, its truth,
And virtues, they're not there !
Philosophy, your bark, bears too much sail ;
She'll wreck you on the coast of unknown seas.

LUCIEN.

I fear not ruin from a cause like this.
I pledge myself to Truth, and take her crown,
Whether it be of thorns or priceless gems.

RUDOLPH.

And will you take this wisp into the world ?
You court its frown, and sneer, and scorn ;

Slander will point at you her adder tongue,
And Prejudice and Envy blight your name,
Presenting you to Coralyn a royal fool.
Who worships Truth, but yet is drowned in lies!
If you would have her love you, turn about,
And bow, and simper to the blotched old World;
Flatter its caprices, and praise its sins!
Then all will sound your praise; in flush success
You soon will bask in what fools think is bliss —
The sunshine of a woman's love.

LUCIEN.

If Lucien loves she not because he Lucien is,
For nobleness, and love of truth, and right,
Then would I love her deepest scorn, and hate;
And thank the gods that I had thus escaped
A hidden pit which yearned beneath my feet;
For to be bound to one who does not love,
Is worse than torments of the fabled hell.
Love cannot be without soul sympathy;
If this she yield not, and the love I give
Be thrust back on my heart, and she become
A worldling, seeking station, wealth, and name,
Then will I turn to God, and say a prayer
Of deepest thankfulness that I am spared
The anguish of a life with her.

RUDOLPH.

And who will love you then? Neglected Scorn!
You cannot tear your heart away by words.

Speaking is easy, but the doing hard ;
The gardener, who would train the purple vine
On a new trellis, takes it from the old,
But finds it breaks and tears its tender limbs,
And maims and bruises it forevermore ;
So when the human heart has twined around
Another whom it loves, to tear it thence
Is death itself. Be careful, lest
Before you know the ties become too strong,
And when the parting comes, as come it will,
You, with your visions, fall to rise no more.

LUCIEN.

My trust lies here within myself. 'Tis I
Who bear the grief, and to myself I turn,
And on myself rely. She must be free
As humming-bird among the nectared flowers,
To flutter through the garden of beaux hearts
And choose the one she most admires and loves.
I ne'er will call her mine until I know
That she is true and faithful to the last.

RUDOLPH,

Bestow such freedom and she's lost to you ;
As well a tethered deer, in wildwood caught,
Unloose, and think to make it stay with you,
As give a girl, in her first flush of love,
The liberty to do as she may please.
Her heart is full of strange and mystic dreams,

Which change and topple to the passing winds;
And leave her true to-day, she'll know you not
To-morrow. Love flies to numerous beaux,
And she will change them all to mincing fools,
Who ape and laugh a smirking laugh at her
Attempts at wit, and call her angel pure,
Beguiled to stay on earth from heavenly spheres,
A fairy, or a goddess, or a queen.
Philosophy ne'er passed in making love;
Its very presence casts an icy chill.
Love wreathes in flowers, and pleasure is its food,
And mirth and smiles its surest arrows are.
It is moonshine extremely diluted;
It shrinks from contact with life's rugged side,
And lays realities aside for dreams.

LUCIEN.

You but confirm my course. The stars would scorn
If I should say to her, "Love me you must,"
And in the meanness of my heart should keep
Her close and guarded as a cloistered nun.
Be free, I say to her, and search the world,
If still ideal I remain to you;
If I command and keep your holiest love
By noble thoughts and manliness of life,
Then Coralyn be mine; if not, you're free
As woodbird; elsewhere seek a loving mate.
I will not flatter you with idle words,
Nor will I make your young mind fondly think

This world a blissful realm, devoid of storms;
Nor fire your dizzy brain with fancies vain;
Nor picture life a pathway strewn with flowers,
And that through lengthened honey-moon of years
We shall but nectar sip from golden cups.
I'll tell her life is full of care and toil,
And if we dream its jagged sides will wake
To proper sense of its realities,
If all is June day now, and summer smiles,
If flowers strew our path, and zephyrs sigh,
Responsive to the throbbings of our hearts,
Near in the future hang the tempest clouds,
With brows begirt with wreathing lightnings' gleams,
And hoarse-voiced thunder brays among their folds.
Yes, there are storms, and baffling winds, and rains,
And sleet, and snow, and hail, and fire, to beat
Against us in the future years. You must
Not dream that all is clear and bright;
That ever round will fall this joyous light,
But our frail bark, oftimes by tempests driven,
The blackened waves may breast, which leap to heaven."
I tell her this, and if she shrink in fear
'Tis well. 'Twere better far to suffer now,
Than when the tempest breaks above my head
To hear the keen retort, and caustic word,
And feel myself alone beneath its rage.

RUDOLPH.

Ah, yes, too well I know the hate of hates
Is Woman's love to hatred turned; I know

That she can hate until black storms
Fall back ashamed, and Earth in silence stands.
But you can rest in peace; you ne'er will have
The chance to feel that Upas-curse of man —
The woman's hate who once has loved.
You should have said that life would be a dream,
A walk 'mid roses in full bloom; that birds
Would ever sing, and waters laugh, and winds
Murmur soft music to the wedded pair;
That life would be one blooming spring of joys, —
A fount, like that long-sought, of endless youth,
And though you drank great draughts, yet year by year
'Twould pour its waters sweet from vernal brim;
That like two angels in the bowers of bliss,
Your arms entwined, you would forever roam
And whisper love, intoxicating love.
Your Vandal-hand has overturned her dreams,
And shown the cold and rugged side of life;
You've told the truth, and will receive her hate.

LUCIEN.

Then let her hate! True to myself, I'll meet
Adversity, and strife, and cares alone.
A heavy doom! but I can rise among
The shattered ruins of my boyish love —
A vapory fancy, called by name of Love, —
Which every adverse wind would turn to mist!
Why should I mourn? Shall I be chained by Love?
Let Reason sink into the Lethic pool,
And lay my manhood on the blind god's pyre?

RUDOLPH.

Why should you? Why do North and South attract?
Why gravitates the earth around the sun?
Why do the Zephyrs kiss the blushing flowers?
Because 'tis natural for man to love;
And when he 'haps to love a childish maid,
She shuts out all the universe from him;
Eclipses sun, and moon, and stars, and all
Creation is a curtained night away
From her. And though she have but common mind,
Speaking in common-places, humming airs,
Yet will he swear that she has brilliant wit,
And sings as sweet as nightingale or thrush.
Moon-struck and love-struck are about the same;
Victims to one gaze wanly at the moon,
The other at some giglet of a maid,
And both are wondrous silly.

LUCIEN.

You view the World
Just as it always views its sinful self.
Brother, gaze upward to the silent stars,
That from their lofty towers look calmly down
On this old World, just as they did in times
When Troy and Tarshish numbered mighty fleets,
And on Assyrian plains the Hebrew dwelt;
And now how calm and lovingly they look
Down on the slumbers of the restless globe.

I never gaze into their quiet eyes,
Without a happy and a holy thought
Of the high dignity of godlike man.
Does not your heart with rapture swell, and your
Dark thoughts recoil upon your guilty self?
You scoff at Woman, frivolous and vain;
We've praised her foibles until she believes
They are the surest arts to win our love.

RUDOLPH.

A kind heart, truly, but it is unlearned
In trick and craft of this deceitful world.
Lucien, I fear, like ship by treacherous light
Decoyed on hoary reefs, you rush to death.
Your fertile genius but a sportive toy,
A moment flashing like a meteor's gleam,
Then lost forever.

LUCIEN.

I have marked out a course I shall pursue.
I think a girlish fancy is her love;
And fear that should our destinies entwine,
And interblend together, they would be
Like oil and water blending, or still worse,
Explosive compounds, which ignite at touch.
She loves the world, its gaudy wealth and fame,
Its hollowness and giddy follies;
I love communion with the silent wood,
And court the anthems of the storm-lashed sea.

I love the mighty sages of the past —
To hold communion with their living thoughts,
Which scorn the idle follies of the world;
While her ambition dies with dress and show,
A cottage by the hillside stream, perhaps,
Where she can 'tend to housewife's drudging cares;
Like a pale planet, steady in its course,
Which never goes beyond its orbit's line,
Mine, comet-like, flies on to unknown space,
Or like a tiger rages 'gainst the bars
Which bind its strength.

RUDOLPH.

I thought you poet; and that you would plunge
Reckless into a union, if you loved.
You've got some sense, with all your crazy whims,
You're sensible, quite sensible, indeed!

LUCIEN.

What I have seen, I know, and I abhor
The life-long hell a wedded life will bring,
If two unmated minds are bound by law.

RUDOLPH.

True, true! and I have felt the serpent's sting;
I feel its poison burning in my brain.
Yes, Life to me has been a bitter draught;
A darker curse than Styx has pressed my steps.
You know the cause; how, years ago, a youth

Crossed in his path a bashful, rosy maid,
Who seemed an angel, brighter than the shades
Which wreath in joy-blooms in the Isles of Bliss;
All that I knew I said to make her think
I was a perfect man; her every wish obeyed,
Caprice, and whim, and called her all the names,
Pet or sweet-sounding, in my mother tongue.
She twined her jetty curls with careful hands,
And placed the fairest blossoms 'mong their shades,
Subdued her voice to lute-like sweetness, and
Smiles, bright as Summer's, played around her lips.
Her gentleness and beauty won my heart;
I'd never learned the witching, studied grace
Which maidens use to fix admiring gaze;
I thought her dainty mouth could never speak
A harsh or bitter word, like frowning scold's,
More than a linnet could caw like a crow.
Thus we deceived each other in belief
That we were perfect, and the only ones
Just mated for each other in the world.
A year passed fleet. The borrowed garbs put on
To hide our blemishes were laid aside,
And in the closet packed with Sunday suit.
I found I married not the one I loved,
But by mistake a stranger in her stead,
Deformed in mind, a soulless, hateful dwarf.
The snail-paced years, how wearily they drag!
The world is fair, but sunshine cannot light
A heart o'ershaded by the clouds of grief;

Music is ringing, but I cannot list
While soul is waking but discordant notes.
Great God! is there no rest? no peace or joy?
Perhaps ——— [Points to a graveyard.
I yet may have a little term of peace.

LUCIEN.

I know to marry is a fearful thing;
'Tis make or break; ruin or sweetest bliss;
And as things are, it is a dark, dark road
Which leads to wedded joy, like prophet's bridge
That leads to Heaven; more narrow than a hair,
And thinner than the edge of keenest sword,
And few there are who walk its slippery line.
I tell you, Rudolph, I intend to make
A trial of her love, and if it fail,
Then I will not attempt the narrow bridge.
I mean hereafter to reveal myself.
She dreads the poet's fancy, which ofttimes,
Enraptured of itself, vaults wildly up.
I will inspire my muse, be wild and bold,
And tell her I am poor, and life must meet
In all its trying, stern, and cheerful scenes;
Then if she loves, 'tis well; if not, 'tis well.

RUDOLPH.

The moon ascends the diamond-spangled sky,
The black old world lies sleeping in her beams!
Detested world! a loathsome pit of sin.

Let us retire, and with the sapient fools
Who thoughtless live, and dreamless sleep,
Give Nature the oblivion she craves.

SCENE II.

Banks of a Stream.—Moonlight. LUCIEN and
CORALYN.

LUCIEN, *alone.*

How grand the Forests are on such a night!
The giants of the wood have gone to sleep,
Like heroes on the hard-fought battle field;
How many storms they've braved, yet unconcerned,
In silent dignity of noble rank,
They rear aloft their rugged arms to heaven,
And bid defiance to the god of winds,
And shake their draped limbs at the coming stars.
How beautiful they are, bathed in the sea
Of light the orb'd moon pours around;
The rustle of their branches in the wind
Seems like the movements of a sleeping man.
Trees, do you dream — do you e'er dream of love?
Does sturdy oak ne'er love the graceful elm,
Or ash? or are you 'bove such mortal whims?
Why, laughing brooklet, hurry ye so swift?
You've bubbled all the trees to sleep, and now,
Enamoured with the quiet lake, you steal
Away into his bosom. [*An owl cries.*

Ah, night-bird, do not waken by your cries
The sleeping forest. — Yes, sing, I love thee: —
'Tis thrilling sad to hear thy hollow voice
In mournful volumes rolling through the wood.
Ah, Nature, sweetly sleeping in night robes,
How well I love thee, sweet, coquettish dame!
I'd wed thee sooner than the fairest maid
Who bears the wealth and honor of the world;
My heart is raptured by thee; it is thine;
And I devoted lover at thy shrine.

[*A step is heard.*

Long waited Coralyn! 'Tis she who trips
Thus lightly o'er the flowers. [*They meet.*

Ha, ha! you've come

At last, with eyes as bright as yonder star,
And dew-pearls sparkling in your hair like gems.

CORALYN.

Hush, now; no praise. Have you waited long?

LUCIEN.

An hour or more within these silent shades;
But I have chatted with the shaking trees,
And with the streamlet had a quiet laugh,
And time has fled on merry feet.

CORALYN.

Ah me;
And have all poets hearts as strange as thine?

Are they all wild men talking to the trees,
And calling flowers by sweet, endearing names?
You talk like one in sleep — so dreamily.

Does not the solemn silence which pervades
The gray old columns of this darkling shade
Produce a saddening pressure on your mind?
I think this silence awful; and I shun
The forest e'en by day. That hooting owl
Cries like a wandering ghost, and every note
My frightened blood sends shivering on its way;
And then the trees all seem to clutch at me
With their long, shaking arms, and laugh
A maniacal laugh to see me fly.
A ghost seems nestling in each leafy tree,
Amid the night, which gathers in its top.
I've passed through woods by night, but oft with fear
I looked behind me; turned; then faster walked;
Behind me looked again; then ran; then flew,
Until I grew so wild with silly fright
I was a-tremble when I slammed the door.
And have you, Lucien, never felt such fear?

LUCIEN.

Never.

CORALYN.

Do you not shun them when the storms sweep by?

LUCIEN.

Nay, then I love them most; when wolfish Winds
Sweep past the struggling trees, and howl, and scream,
Like spirits of the damned; when storm-clouds lift
Their black and threatening heads, and lightnings leap,
And Heaven's great thunder-organ peals, I seek
The groaning wood, and 'neath some sheltering tree,
For hours I listen to the fierce embroil.

CORALYN.

How, then, must Ocean turn thy dizzy brain?

LUCIEN.

Its sullen music vibrates on my nerves
Like Love's soft pressure, or the whispered word;
Oft have I stood upon some rocking deck,
When fretted Ocean mocked at human power,
And fiercely leaped up to the fire-lit clouds,
And when the storm paused for a space to rest,
And jagged lightnings lit the hissing deep,
I've held my breath. But when again it came
Like demon's breath, and drove my vessel on
Like frightened deer that from the hounds escapes,
In desperation bending to the chase,
I've bared my brow against the furious blast,
And in ecstatic joy exulting yelled.

CORALYN.

I'm frightened by your fancy's tireless wing;

Could Care e'er chain a poet to the earth,
And make him feel the real weight of life?

LUCIEN.

No, never; he will proudly shake it off
As Samson did the withs which bound his limbs,
And in a sweet thought soar away to bliss.
And as for cares, they ne'er have yoked me yet;
And if they do, I'll never tame submit;
I am too poor for cares; I've nothing; hence
Have nothing to care for — I'm doubly blest!
It is too true that Poverty and Song,
Like twins, go hand in hand.

CORALYN.

But if so wild, need poet be so poor?

LUCIEN.

Ay; he the gold and tinsel of the world
Abhors; and curses by neglect, and foolish deems
The toil and delving of the wealth-mad throng.
One works and sweats all day to gain; next day
Another toils and sweats to gain it back!
So goes the drudging world, a wealth-mad race,
Who for each other's praises dwarf their souls;
He is above the surging of the mass,
And wealth, to him, is empty dross. So pines
He for the purer climes of angel-land,
And sings a few sad notes before he dies;

And while he sings, lank Penury and Want
Howl at the door.

I knew a Genius once
With mind as deep and wide as Ocean's bed ;
And thoughts, as brilliant as the coral gems,
Lay, as thick strewn as pearls, upon its floor.
He had a trusting wife, whose noble heart
Beat to his own ; and children smiled
Like angels, on their love. He wrote his thoughts ;
Great thoughts they were, and spoke a soul
Exhaustless, and as pure as springs which well
Within the chambers of the deep. The world,
Astonished, read his fiery words, and read
Again, and at each other looked ; then read,
And smiled, and praised. The poet they forgot,
And while they read, his heart with anguish wrung ;
For Poverty and Famine beat his door,
And through the broken windows shrieked and cried.
His loving wife soon went to sleep to wake
In Heaven ; and by her side his gentle babe,
The offspring of their love, he laid.
His stricken heart was one great hell of woe ;
Yet still he labored on, and like a flood
The fiery waves of anguish welled. He sought
To calm his mind, and still his throbbing heart,
By pouring out the wormwood and the gall
Which cankered there. All vain ! A vulture at
His vitals gnawed, and dipped its beak in gore.
The world became a starless night, through which

He journeyed on, forsaken and alone.
What could his spirit do? It was forgot;
And while it fed the ears of eager throngs,
They turned aside, and let it starve! He wrote
With fingers cold, and ink of blood fresh from
His torn and broken heart. He dipped his pen
In the last drop, then wrote and died,
And joined his love in brighter spheres.

CORALYN.

A mournful tale.

LUCIEN.

Too true, too true! such is the poet's fate.

[A long pause.]

You leave us soon.

CORALYN.

Yes, and the moon will wane.

Full many a time before we meet again.

LUCIEN.

Light-fingered Change may touch our buoyant hearts
Within that time; but we need nothing fear
So long as we are to each other true;
Already does the moon, reclining low,
Warn us to part, perhaps again to meet,
Perhaps to part like ships that meet at sea,
And lose ourselves 'mid clouds and spray, to meet
No more.

CORALYN.

And must I go?

LUCIEN.

[*Presses her hand — a long silence.*]

So wills unyielding Fate;

Adieu.

CORALYN.

Adieu!

SCENE III.

Afternoon. — Parlor. RUDOLPH and EDWARD.

RUDOLPH.

I FEAR for Lucien! He's a dizzy youth,
Whose brain is crowded with bewildering thoughts.
He loves too well the streamlet's banks,
And holds too oft communion with the stars,
And throws too many kisses at the moon.
His world is better than my thoughts of Heaven.
All men are angels in disguise. I've not
A doubt but he will, sometime, learn in pain,
If men are angels, fallen angels they,
Who, by some mishap, from Perdition strayed.

EDWARD.

You talk too harshly, Rudolph, of mankind;
You are a man; and if they all are bad,
Then why are you so much above the throng?

RUDOLPH.

Ay; from myself my judgment flows.

EDWARD.

But Lucien ever seemed a stable youth,
Not disconcerted by an adverse breath;
He seemed one born to rule; his flashing eye
Spoke of the caverns in his soul, brim full
Of thought; and the great ocean of desire
For Purity and Truth beamed from his look,
As radiant calmness looketh from the stars.
At school he was a charade to us all,
For he philosopher and poet blent;
So cold, and stern, and calm, and then so wild,
So fierce and daring in his words and deeds,
That we have stood around and gazed in awe,
Uncertain whether we should, by his words,
Be frozen mimics of the sages gone,
Or by the flashing of his lurid heat,
Be changed to heroes, and enact again
Upon the battle-field of Thought the fights
Which crowned with laurels spirits of the Past.

RUDOLPH.

So has he moved me often by a look,
That my wild heart would hark to catch his words,
And pulses listen to his voice; and when
I gave the black old World its just deserts,

And cursed with scornful fury all its sins,
He looked so calmly in my eyes, and spake
So confidently of the sinking wreck,
That I could almost see the reeling World
Striving for goodness in this age of sin.

EDWARD, (*after a pause.*)

Have you a grounded fear?

RUDOLPH.

Yes, yes, so firmly grounded that it haunts
Me like an unseen ghost. Lucien I love;
And all his griefs are mine, and mine are his.
I think he loves, and that his love will be
Thrown back upon his writhing heart; but he
Talks loudly of his stoic strength, and counts
All well.

EDWARD.

Then is he like a dreamer, who in sleep
Treads over beetling crags, and 'long the brink
Of precipice, where daring foot of man
Has never trod without a crashing fall.

RUDOLPH.

Ah, here he comes.

[LUCIEN *enters.*

Brother, we welcome you;
You are the theme of our fraternal thoughts,
And gladly do we meet your smiling face,
Which plainly speaks of joyousness of thought.

LUCIEN.

The world is full of joys, if we but will;
Just as we please to make it — good or bad.
A hell or heaven in every bosom dwells;
And, if we please, earth blooms in rose-hued light,
The birds sing sweetly in the swaying boughs,
The breezes laugh, and Nature smiles, and we
Are angels in a paradise of bliss;
Or we can make a hell of Eden grounds,
And people it with demons, fierce and grim.
A hell or heaven is in our hearts, and we
Are god or devil to ourselves. We look
On Nature, and as in a glass we see
Ourselves. If our own hearts are tuned aright,
Then Nature speaks in joyous love-toned words;
But if our hearts are dark, and hate our kind,
Then she is gnarled and crabbed too.

EDWARD.

And is your heart so schooled, that you can sit
Calm and supreme above the jar of thought,
Like Eagle on a lofty granite crag,
Reposing far above the struggling world,
And see the lightning's ire, and hear the bray
Of thunder-dogs, and while your blood is fire,
Your veins are throbbing with its molten stream,
And nerves are writhing with electric shocks,
Can you then rise above all grief, and say
To throbbing heart, "Be still," and be obeyed?

LUCIEN.

I try, but sometimes fail; for though my will
Is strong, yet feelings uncontrolled arise,
And I might grasp the fires of Heaven, or say
To storm-lashed Ocean, "Cease thy strife," or blot
The stars from out the canopy of night,
As well as still Emotion's flood.

RUDOLPH.

Strange feelings move you for the beggar Earth
Unlike the sighs she draws from most her sons.

EDWARD.

I've seen the man of hardest heart weep o'er
A silly, lovesick novel; but the same
Would grind the poor to very dust, and feast
Upon the marrow of the dead;
I've seen men who would rob, and lie, and steal,
And fatten on the labor of the poor,
Quake, and turn ghastly pale, and feeling speak
Of mouldering carcass by the river side.

RUDOLPH.

So 's my offended sense!

LUCIEN.

The world has need of active, sincere prayers;
Why speak so harshly of the sins which stain

The beauties of this blest abode?
If you would train a child to Truth and Right,
Would you detest and scorn it from your side?
And when it asked for light, shut out the sun,
And chide because it could not see?

EDWARD, (*after a pause.*)

You think yourself above the fear of pain,
And equal to the blackest storm of woe?

LUCIEN.

O, I might for a moment fail; then rise
And bid defiance to the fiercest blast.
Oft have I thought that I could calmly stand
And see the last one of my race descend
Into his narrow coffin-home;
Or, Promethean-like, be bound to rock,
And have the vultures tearing at my side,
Yet talk with Nature as a loving friend.

EDWARD.

Well, that is cool as ice. Then you are safe.
One thing it is to say, and one to act;
Such daring words should rest on actions true!

SCENE IV.

Twilight. — A Leafy Grove. LUCIEN, alone.

[LUCIEN speaks slowly and discontentedly.]

It is from her. My stoic heart flutters
Like a scared bird. I dare not tear aside
The veil which hides her words. Ah, foolish boy!
Why shudder at a prophecy of ill
Where is thy nerve, thou coward hand,
That you so tremble at a little note?

[Tears off the envelope and reads.]

"A thoughtless girl was dancing through the bowers
Of rosy Youth, when o'er her path a youth,
Thoughtful, and wise, and noble, chanced to cross,
Who, by some magic in his looks and words,
Inthralled her fancy, and her girlish vows.

Your boldness in reform will bring contempt;
And poets walk in poverty and want.
All this looked brightly in my girlish years,
But wretched now. You cannot ask of me
To share with you the anguish of a life
Which your own acts produce. Our tastes
Can never blend; and that would blight our love,
However bright it bloometh in its morning hour."

[Tears the paper.]

No more, no more, great God!

[Presses his forehead violently.]

Great God ! my brain, my brain's on fire ! it burns,
And flashes of the horrid flames are blinding me !

[*Pauses again.*]

The dream is gone ! to waken is to die !
O, what is life ? Woe, wretchedness, despair,
And death. Death, canst thou rest the soul ?
All joy has fled, and wan Despair sings hoarse
The dirges of departed hopes. This blast
Rocks all my castles, and reveals their base.
I'd better known the world, as Rudolph said ;
'Tis empty as a broken flask ; as hollow, too.
A broken flask, and all the wine is gone —
Forever, shall I say ? “ Forevermore ! ”
Is echoed by the trees. Joy, Hope, and Love
Together fled so quickly that I caught
No glimpses of their departing.

Death ! gentle angel, kiss my pallid brow ;
The world can spare me well, and I the world ;
Come, give the opium of endless sleep ;
Oblivion shroud me ; for life is a dream. [*Pauses.*]
Ah, me ! I cannot still these burning thoughts
Which leap, like scorpions, through my aching brain !
But thou, sweet Death — [*A voice speaks.*]

SPIRIT.

What meanest thou, thus calling for stern Death ?
Do you suppose 'twill yield Oblivion's draught ?
Man is immortal, and he cannot die ;

Though racked by torture, woe, and pain, he lives
A spirit, indestructible as God.

And when

The mighty framework of Creation melts,
And sun and stars in chaos plunge, and night,
Profound and deep, on Nature falls, above
The crash immortal Man will rise
In light, up to the great creative Power.

Why leave the sunny path of angel Truth
And plunge into this hell of woe? Have you
No strength of mind? Where is your stoic will
Which you have boasted oft would buoy you up
If Nature's self became a wreck?

LUCIEN.

Yes, I have will; but what does will avail
Against the anguish of the bleeding heart?

SPIRIT.

Ah, bitter is the draught you drink, but well
'Twill prove for you. As gold refined by fire,
Thou from this crucible of flames will come
A nobler man, prepared to sternly meet
The real cares and aims of human life;
This boyish love Time will wash out, as waves
Erase the footprints from a sandy shore.
And where now, in the garden of your heart
Hang hope-buds, withered by untimely frosts,

Joy-blooms, in all their snowy purity
And beauty will spring up, and ever shed
Their fragrance round you in the maze of life,
And dainty hands will culture them.

LUCIEN.

O, that I knew 'twere true.

SPIRIT.

'Tis true.

LUCIEN.

Art thou a prophet, or a mighty shade
Who restlessly returns to view the world,
And stalks among the gibbering ghosts of men,
Unseen, unfelt, yet knowing all?

SPIRIT.

You know me well; for though a spirit now,
Yet am I Archer still.

LUCIEN.

Gods! Archer, is it you — you?

SPIRIT.

Ay, it is I who speak. I've watched thy steps,
And swept thy heart with truths too vast for words;
I've kept thee from the paths of Sin and Death,
And whispered to thee in the silent eve,

The worth of him who weds himself to Right.
Sometimes I've calmed thee with the balm of love,
When you were restless, to the bliss of peace.

LUCIEN.

Then thou hast crossed the grave! — I oft have felt
A mystic power when wrapped in visions grand,
But never dreamed my Archer hovered near;
I thought you gone from Earth, ne'er to return,
And that the tomb Existence blotted out.

SPIRIT.

The tomb — the gateway to another sphere!
I threw my body off — my dwelling changed —
But still remained myself. My spirit-form
Unfolded in a flood of light, and wore
A garb as glistening as sun-lighted snow;
A holy bliss came, with departed friend
To welcome to the pleasures of the blessed.
I stepped from lower to a higher room, —
From workshop into parlor, — and I found
A change as great as Hottentot would find,
If he, from native wood and barren plains,
Was ushered into the palaces of kings.

LUCIEN.

Then why not leave the dreary scene of Earth,
And mount at once into the golden skies?

SPIRIT.

Because man is of Earth, and should remain,
Like fruit upon its parent stem, till ripe.
O, would you hear the piercing wail of him
Who, with stern hand uncaged his soul and sent
It up uncalled, unwanted, to this sphere,
Hoping that Death would bury all his woe!
Death cannot still the anguish-throbbing heart;
It cannot hush one plaintive note of grief;
It cannot dim one haunting memory;
Beckon not Death, it will o'ertake you now,
Before you are prepared to launch from Earth.
Live! and leave Earth the better by your stay;
Ay, write a name upon its garland page,
As wide and deep as avalanches write
On mountains' sides.

With all its mantling gloom
Earth has more happiness than pain.

LUCIEN.

Hast seen thy Love and angel babes?

SPIRIT.

Ah, yes;
They welcomed home the tarrier. I heard
The music of their voices 'cross the waves
When I was floating o'er to angel-land;
And when I stepped upon the Spirit-shore,

They met me in the chambers of the sky.
I saw thee, with cold fingers, write a tale
About the sorrows of a martyred one.
Then stood I by thy side, and thought "one heart
On Earth thinks of my pilgrimage 'mong men."
Those days of anguish and of want have fled,
Never to haunt me more.
Here every one seeks out his sphere of friends,
And want, distrust, and poverty remain
Unknown. We live ideal lives of joy,
And one eternal sunshine lights our home.

LUCIEN.

Then true love is eternal?

SPIRIT.

Ay, when united once, two loving hearts
Remain as true as earth to sun, or true
As changeless stars. Together here in Heaven
The same; joined hand in hand, fore'er they rove
Amid the bowers of bliss. They never tire
Of love. The hungry heart forever craves
This nectared bread, and feasts untiring on
Its joys. The love harmonious on Earth,
Transplanted 'cross the grave, blooms fresh
In its supernal spring.

LUCIEN.

Is married love thus deep, and uneffaced
By march of seasons or elapse of years?

Ah, splendid thought! a vision full of bliss
To him who loves, and has his love returned.

SPIRIT.

You soon will find one to return your love;
Meantime let Reason calm your grief suppress,
And boldly plant the Truth against the World.

[A voice chanting among the clouds.

Adieu.

My Lucien's sorrows move me yet,
As winds the cloistered violet;
I'll wing me to my spirit home,
And rest me 'neath its silver dome,
Within some bright and sunny place,
Where every charm which love and grace
Can fashion in beatic shape,
Meets the beholder's dazzled gaze,
Involving all in dreamy maze.

Here fragrant trees, bedecked with flowers,
Yield fruit through all the blushing hours;
Clear rivers trending to the deep,
Stretch far away on either side,
While on their bosoms wavelets leap
In laughing mirth and wanton pride.
The pebbles on the shores are gems
Brighter than gleam in diadems,
And flowers, as bright as smiles, lift up
From emerald banks their dainty cup;

An azure sky bends over all,
With here and there a cloudy pall,
With edges blushing crimson red,
Before the sun's advancing tread.
This is the Heaven where lovers breathe
The odors of the spicy breeze,
And see the waters kiss the land
Along the ocean's diamond strand,
While its deep murmurs, wild and low,
Like heartfelt love-notes, gushing flow.
Here is Love's shaded, rosy home
Where orange flowers weave fragrant domes;
Here is the place above all blessed;
Here, here the place of angel-rest.

LUCIEN.

Sweet song! to go with thee is death. Death — Death
That opes the portals to the Eden spheres,
And throws from weary shoulders cares and pains
Which crush the heart, unless with Atlas strength
Its giant sinews bear the oceaned world.
Death is a vision such as greets the eye
Of Finlander, who from some mountain top
Looks out upon a gorgeous tropic scene
Of palms, and spicy isles, and basking seas.
I live amid the snowy drear of North;
My heart is pressed by iceberg weight. I look
Across the grave into Italian climes.

But I am drawn to Earth. My parents dear,
Who watched my infant years, and led my steps,
Who toiled for me from morn till starry eve,
Have yet some claims upon my grateful love.
They love me well; and can I madly thus
Desert them in the evening shades of life,
Because a foolish girl rejects a suit
Which might involve me in a hell of woe?
I owe a debt to her who gave me life,
Who watched my infant couch, and calmed my brow
With soft caress, and to her darling boy
Spoke holy words, and pointed him to Truth,
And to the manly life which her fond heart,
In flushing hope, expected he would live
When, grown in years, he launched into the world
And won the homage of his fellow-men,
By being great, and good, and true to all;—
A mighty debt I owe. 'Twould bankrupt me
To pay her for maternal cares and pains!
Her trembling hand once clothed my helpless limbs,
And spread my food. Great God! what crime is this?
O coward wretch, to flee the battle field
Of Life, and hide beneath the robes of Death!
Affectionate and doting mother dear,
You taught a lesson to me once — 'twas this:
"Be true unto thyself and all mankind,"
And I will bide thy holy teaching now. [Pauses.

O, what a mystery is this short life?
We live, and cannot help it; and we die,

As suddenly as foam-bell on a stream,
And the great waves of life surge calmly on.
Strange world! a bundle of mysterious myths!
Why do I live? and why are earth, and sun,
And peaceful stars? Why rolls the regal moon?
The world is but an atom; man is but
An animalcule upon its rim.
What means all this? I cannot answer well
Why such a little mote should feel so much!
I turn me to the trees — I love ye well,
Sweet friends; ye have no harsh word or retort,
But with your silent tongues speak loving words,
And mutely sympathize with me. The breeze
Caresses and throws back my hair as soft
As lady's hand, and flowers coquettish smile;
I love thee, Moon. Thou art associate
With other scenes. A thrilling presence thine!
I must away! — fly from myself. My worst
Foe is Memory, and the cruel hag
Fosters the wan-faced ghosts of buried hopes.
I must away, and strive in vain to blot
The Past, its joys and sorrows, from my mind.

SCENE V.

A Grove at a short Distance from the City. RUDOLPH
and LUCIEN.

RUDOLPH.

You have my sympathy, dear Lucien.

LUCIEN.

I thank you, brother, but 'tis small avail;
Time is the balsam of the wounded heart.

RUDOLPH.

Are you still friends?

LUCIEN.

Yes, Rudolph, we are friends,
But we can never, never be as wopt;
The sacred ties which bound us were too strong
To yield, without destruction to all trust;
I hate her not, but pity her distress;
For sad indeed must be her future lot.

RUDOLPH.

Why think you sad?

LUCIEN.

She sacrificed her love to worldly hopes;
Her soul she narrowed, till a dollar's rim
Encircled her, and all her dreams of bliss.
The dollar ate her heart as filthy worm

Eats up the blushing petals of the flower
Just bursting on a summer morn in bloom;
A gnawed and broken stem alone is left.

RUDOLPH.

Then is she cursed! a bawble is the world,
And when she grasps 'twill burst. A loveless void
Her heart will fill. Like Sodom's fabled fruit,
It beautiful appears, yet flows with gall.

*[A lady passes, carrying her pet, a white dove. —
She seats herself on a bank of violets unnoticing
any presence.]*

LADY.

[To her bird, placing it on a bough.]
Sit there, my cooing pet, and I will weave
An azure garland for thy snowy neck.

LUCIEN.

My Rudolph, look! an angel haunts these woods!
A heaven beams in her eye, azure and soft
As summer starlit sky. How queenly is
Her motion. If I were dreaming Latin,
I'd call her goddess, from Elysian's shore.

Why do you, Rudolph, so sarcastic smile?
I'd give the world to have her smile on me!
I'd rather be that meek-eyed, snowy dove,
Which nestled in her bosom, than to be
The brightest spirit next God's starlit throne.

RUDOLPH.

You are a ruined, poetizing boy ;
With your poetic moonshine you have mixed
Philosophy, and such a chowder made,
I smile to hear you rant of her you know
Not who, because she has blue eyes, sweet face,
And graceful walk.

LUCIEN.

The passing glance at such
Majestic sweetness thrilled my inmost soul.

RUDOLPH.

In love again. I thought one burn enough ;
When you are safe on land you plunge again.
I see you are in love, — first-sighted love ;
Ha, blush ? don't stammer so ; you cannot check
Your love for lovely eyes more than your thirst ;
The lovely we must love, the hateful hate ;
Love comes and goes like ocean's mighty ebb,
Shedding warm sunshine, or a bitter frost.
We love a statue of perfected grace,
A Venus, or an Eve, or Slave of Greece,
Because we cannot blay the troublous guest
Which makes the beautiful akin to God.

That's Lillian, a famous city belle,
As proud and haughty as a Roman dame,
And skilled in all the subtile arts which hedge

A coquette in ; and those who reach her through
The thorny walls, but find deformity
Enthroned in cotton bales, and bones of whale,
And ribboned steel, and flaunting, gaudy traps,
Enough to drive a man to suicide,
To find how quickly from her angel throne
The woman of his love has sunk to nought.
His glowing angel is a milliner's show,
A moving form, on which to hang her silks
And dally with her beaux.

LUCIEN.

I love her, though, whatever she may be ;
She's neither proud, nor haughty, nor coquette
At heart, whatever seeming she may wear ;
Deceit ne'er hides behind so sweet a face.

RUDOLPH, (*laughing.*)

You're lost again. She would not look at you !
You are becrazed, or else have lost your wits ;
If you shun not this snare you have no means
To gain her favor or her frown. You move
In diverse circles. Should you seek her side,
You would receive a cold, contemptuous smile.

LUCIEN.

I know no high, no low, no rich, no poor ;
Mankind are equal, and all brothers are ;
I'd break through every rule, which foolish men

Set up as standard to the servile mass.
I am no bowing slave to public will;
I bend my knee before no mortal power,
No whim of priest, or tyrant's regal will;
I'm unaccountable save to myself;
I am the sovereign o'er myself alone;
I own a little realm, where despot's chain
Can never rattle, nor his words be law;
Where no proud conqueror can e'er array
His shining bayonet, to make it slave.
'Tis sacred soil! it is most holy ground!
It was bequeathed me by my Father, God!—
'Tis my own soul.

Perhaps I ne'er shall try
To gain the love of that sweet, angel girl,
Or meet again this robber of my heart.
But ever in the chambers of my soul,
Like a young sunbeam in a gloomy aisle,
Her memory will live; and those low tones
I heard her utter to her white-winged dove
Will haunt me like an elfin song;
I ever shall remain like one in dream,
Who sees a soul-companion, and awakes
To languish ever for his vanished love.

[Pause — speaking slowly and to himself.]

Strange, strange! There is a consciousness within
Which tells strange tales sometimes, and never lies.

RUDOLPH.

What revelation now?

LUCIEN, (*rousing himself*.)

A mighty one; 'tis past our dinner hour?

RUDOLPH.

Well, then, let's go. I cannot live on love
Or beauty yet.

SCENE VI.

The sea shore—LUCIEN *alone, writing. Reads from
the Paper.*

Why is it that my heart's so full of striving,
So full of wild and lofty hope,
Some weird conceit, or mighty plan contriving,
While 'wildering visions on it ope?

Why pants like bird within the bars' confining,
And frantic beats its stifling cage?
Why, ever at its sullen fate repining,
Turns it upon itself its rage?

Soul, soul, is there no end to thy aspiring?
Must thou attain the Pisgah's height?
Wilt never, never cease thy all-desiring
Until the Promised Land's in sight?

Wilt never cease thy deep and fervent longing?
Soul, soul, can thee no fetters bind?
Would I could still the frantic thoughts now thronging
Like lightning coursers through my mind.

My brain! my brain beneath thy fires is reeling;
Rest! — rest, soul, canst thou find no rest?
Along my veins the molten blood is wheeling,
And mad commotions stir my breast.

Mad Fancy, cease thy pinions' further pluming;
Too long have I been racked by thee;
I want no more thy rapturous communings,
For a moment lonely leave me.

Ha! bid the earthquake cease its motion,
Bid the red lightnings cease their play;
Go calm the billows of the storm-lashed ocean! —
As well canst make the soul obey.

Blot out the sun, and dim the stars' bright shining,
And make the storm obey thy voice;
Thou canst not still the soul in its repining;
In native freedom 'twill rejoice.

An angel 'tis in fleshly garb confining;
The scenes-of Earth are drear and lone;
And hence, alas! it is fore'er repining
To rise into its spirit home.

[*Throws down the paper and muses. A voice in the
distance, singing.*

Angels sweet, must I be ever
Haunted by this wasting grief?

Will forgetfulness come never
To afford a sweet relief?
Many weary hours I've striven
To forget his cherished form,
And recall the love I've given
Trustingly in life's young morn.

When I think I've lulled my sorrow
Into an unwaking sleep,
And some sunshine think to borrow,
Stealthily the ghost will creep
From my heart, and wanly smiling,
Mock at every budding hope,
Unforgetfulness beguiling,
Snatching joy-buds ere they ope.

I have wreathed my young affections
Round a true and noble heart;
O, I'll banish the reflection,
For it bears a stinging dart.
Human laws are loudly crying,
"He shall never, ne'er be thine;"
It meseems that man is trying
To o'errule the Great Divine. [A pause.

LUCIEN.

A goddess haunts this sounding shore. She loves
The moonlight dancing on the waves, and strays
To earth, to drink ambrosia from the fragrant cups

Of flowers, which fairy Eve with nectar dew
Fills brimming full from her crystal dew-urns ;
Her voice Apollo-sweet, and soft as sweet,
How mournfully it chimeth with the waves !
They sing the bass ; and splendid bass it is
To such a song.

She rests. How sullen beats
The surf ! its leaders gave, — [*Voice sings.*

Fancy wrought a charming vision,
Brighter than a saint's Elysium,
And a spirit pure as light
Was in-woven with the vision,
Closely as the sun with light.

From my bark I saw the gleaming
Of its radiance o'er me beaming
As a star gleams on the night ;
Then I grew more lost in dreaming,
Bathed in beams of angel-light.
[*Voice comes nearer.*

All my drear past fled before me,
Like a ghost which haunts no more,
And a yearning want came o'er me,
For the love that being bore
In his heart, like golden ore.

I would bear long years of sorrow
But to see that face once more ;

From it bliss methinks I'd borrow,
Bright as laves the angel-shore,
And be blest forevermore.

The angels sing
With such a voice ! It fills the wood and e'en
The rolling surf in silence listening stands ;
The trees are silent, and the sweet-voiced thrush
Pauses in song, and sits entranced to hear.

[A lady slowly walks along the beach, gathering shells.]

Ah, Lillian, Lillian ! Heart, be still ;
Her presence here intoxicates like wine.

[She approaches, turns away.]

Stay, lady, for one moment. Have you fear ?
Your hat falls lower o'er your blushing face,
Like an eclipse over a picture. Stay.

LILLIAN.

Are flowers afraid of sunshine ?

LUCIEN.

Come, then ; sit
Beside me here. Heaven will follow you !

[A pause.]

LILLIAN.

Have we too rudely met, that thus you grow
As mute as close-lipped silence ?

LUCIEN.

Nay, Lillian ;

As fallen tower brings its constructor shame,
So falls the Stoic's boasted strength. I saw
You once ; and ever since an angel form
Has stood before me, shadowing my dreams.
I read your book-like heart, out-pictured plain
Upon your youthful face, and loved you then.

LILLIAN.

Two mated spirits cannot help but blend
In love, and thought, and feeling, and desire,
And the self-consciousness of this, they have ;
But they may mask it from each other's gaze,
And utter it in cold, unmeaning words,
To please Dame Custom's will. I saw you once,
Treading the city's crowded streets, like one alone,
Where jostling men, in eager race, run mad
With hope of gain.

LUCIEN.

Are you a worshipper at Fashion's shrine ?
Do you despise the horny hand of Toil ?
I little thought to meet you by the shore,
Far from the haunts of mirth and revelry.

LILLIAN.

I restlessly engage in Fashion's sports,
Not from my tastes ; but 'tis an anodyne

To troubled thoughts, which haunt like Terrors grim.
You heard my songs? If so, you know my Past —
A fearful past! I would 'twere blotted out. [*Weeps.*

LUCIEN.

O, weep not for the past — here let us sit
Upon this moss-grown rock, and cheer ourselves
By listing to the music of the waves
That whisper love within the coral deeps;
'Twill be no harm.

LILLIAN.

I fear no harm. I on myself rely,
And if the World speaks of my acts, I say,
"I'll be a martyr when thou'rt free from sin."
Till then be still. It meets not for lepers
To cry leprosy in the streets, or him
With plague-spot to cry out "The plague! the plague!"
The world is sinful unto him who sins.

LUCIEN.

Has night-shade Sorrow poisoned thy pure heart?

LILLIAN.

Yes; but I loved the pain, and wreathed the wound
With all the love-flowers crushed, which strewed my
heart,
Until I learned that 'tis not well to grieve
O'er wrecks of fancy, when proud Reason smiles
To know the soul is safe, and says, "Rejoice!" [*Pauses.*

You wrote a poem once. I've read it oft ;
So true to Nature, and to common sense, —
An article which poets *sometimes* use —
About as often as consumptive men
Fresh air.

LUCIEN.

A little song I wrote, of small account ;
I threw it off while dreaming on this rock.

LILLIAN.

To whom did it refer ?

LUCIEN.

A poet, who a ploughboy was ; a youth
Graceful and tall, as poplar in the wood,
With blue eyes ever speaking joy. He stood
Apart from others. Even when a boy
He left the noisy groups engaged in sports,
And wandered far into the moaning woods
To find some laughing stream. For hours he sat
On brow of cliff, that overlooked a lake,
And listened to the beating of the waves,
Or watched the white-winged sails, like sea-birds skim
Along the blue, remote horizon's brim.
Wrapped in profound and lonely solitude,
He was alone 'mong jostling men. They said
He was a visionist ; impractical,
Absurd, and without aim. His soul remained
Wrapped in itself. He loved a maiden for

Her girlishness, and she returned his love ;
But soon he found his love as water poured
On desert sands. The tinselled world drank up
The love he lavished, and a void of death
Closed round him, as Night's curtains wrap the Earth.
His proud heart bowed beneath the grief ;
His pride was fired, and like a serpent stung,
He plunged into the shade of moonlit wood,
In desperation, reckless, mad,
And sick of life. Like music pealing through
The silent sky, he heard a sweet voice speak,
And cheer him on to grapple with the world.
The days wore on and (bless the Fates) he met
One who incarnate angel seemed. He paused
To feast his eyes on beauty, such as dreams
Portray on earth not seen. She passed from him
Like a bright sunbeam on its golden way.

He wandered by the lonely shore, and heard
Æolian heart-tones pour from rosebud lips
A tale as sad as weeping Night —

LILLIAN.

Transparent masker ! Guess I wrong ?

LUCIEN.

It was the true tale of my life ; I gave
My sacred thoughts and feelings utterance,
And so my Poem woke to life, — a poor

Wan bantling, but my petted child.
My youth was lonely, and involved in clouds;
Few cared for me; and while I loved the world,
Its bitter scorn I felt. I wanted love;
To love and be beloved. O, how divine
Is Love! [Pauses.
The poet found a maiden by the sea,
Who chanted to herself her grief. Was he
By her beloved?

LILLIAN.

[*Presses his hand—a long pause.*

Is she beloved?

LUCIEN.

Do flowers love sunshine, or the lark the morn?
But why these tears? Ah, they are every one
A globéd world of bliss. They fall upon
My heart as balm. Miraculous their power.

◆

LILLIAN.

Like weary bird, far out on shoreless flood,
By shrieking tempests chased, I find sweet rest
Within a sacred ark,—thy manly heart.

LUCIEN, (*embracing her.*)

My lovely, meek-eyed dove! to me you bring
What I so long have sought,—the balm of peace.
Our past has been as cheerless as a night
Of wintry storms, and now we'll feast on love!

LILLIAN.

I would you knew my past. Yet I recoil
To raise the ashes of the sleeping dead;
I buried it, and not one monument
Marks its sad resting place. 'Tis closely sealed
In rock-hewn sarcophagus, and it is
A painful task to drag it to the light.
Ah, me! I saw its ghastly visage fade,
Like a black crow upon the distant sky;
Long, long it stood within the narrow door
Of my young heart, and shut out all the light
Which played outside, and waited to peep in.

LUCIEN.

I'd list as patient as mute, tender Eve
To mourning dove. Wilt tell thy passion tale?

LILLIAN.

A guileless maiden, reared in Fashion's whirl,
Was courted by a man of noble birth.
Like wary trapper he concealed his snares,
And flattered her caprice, her failings fed,
And led her by allurements slowly on;
The asp was so concealed in tempting fruits
She saw it not, and shuddering advanced;
Whene'er the feeling, unexpressed, that she
Was going downward to abyss of woe,

Came, like unloving words, into her mind.
They walked together 'neath the loving moon
When Nature slumbers, and when lovers wake,
And Cupid on the star-beams hunts his prey.
He talked of foreign lands, and splendid scenes;
Of moss-clad abbeys, and of ruined shrines,
And azure softness of Italian skies;
Of snow-clad Alps, and Jura's awful peaks,
Of quiet lakes with pine-fringed mountain shores,
And storms at sea, and Ocean's peaceful rest.
He whispered when she said, "I'm thine," they'd hie
Off to a cottage 'mong the heather hills
Of Scotia, or the crags of Swiss, and there
Dream life away in paradise of love;
Or, floating on the vaunting Rhine, repair
To ruined shrines, where goblins often stray;
Together stand beneath the Forum's frown,
And 'neath old temples' broken oracles;
They'd view the Coliseum grand, and all
The perished pomp of haughty Roman pride;
They would together weep o'er Virgil's tomb,
And Cicero's; and breathe the air which danced
In laughing zephyrs o'er their godlike brows,
In years ago.

His intellect

Was like the sun to her young mind, his heart
Like night. His glowing words entranced;
He bought her girlish vows and tenderness;
She longed to wander 'neath th' enchanted skies

Across the swelling bosom of the flood;
She built great castles on this base of sand,
And wove the clouds which flitted 'cross the sky
Into a thousand visionary forms.

One summer morn there came a friend in haste
With note. She read one word, then lifeless sank.
When she awoke, the changeful World all wore
A robe of Desolation. 'Twas not strange
That one so frail should bow before the storm;
But it was strange that she should rise again,
Her young brow heavenward, and her courage strong,
Determined not to be a heart-crushed thing.
Her woes she drowned in study and in thought;
She lived retired as violet in hedge.

LUCIEN.

Art thou a poet, too, my Lillian?

LILLIAN.

I write sometimes, just as I sing when sad,
Because I cannot help it; thoughts come fast,
And ask for wings; I cannot well refuse.

LUCIEN.

I read thy floating waifs, thrown to the world,
With many pangs of heart, I knew not why;
'Twas thy heart throbbings — how our beings blend!
Soul of my soul, wilt thou be ever mine?

LILLIAN.

A Poet's love were worth the world, and I
Have richer treasure than a tinselled queen.
In presence of his genius Nature stands
Abashed, and pours her treasures at his feet;
The rounded worlds pulsate to his wild songs,
And Ocean's waves take up his tunes,
And thunder them to every rocky shore
The world around. His language all men speak,
For he is tongue for all, and better speaks
Than they. He stands 'tween God and man; on him
The beaming light of Heaven first descends,
And he concentrates it, like burning lens,
And gives it to the hearts of all mankind.
He is above the wrangling jars of men,
And though his body may be chained to earth,
His daring spirit roams among the gods:
Great flocks of poetasters seek his name,
Unfledged, and weak, and sparse in intellect,
On whom Divinity has set no seal.
They flutter for a moment near the flame
Of Poetry, to scorch their wings and die.
Poor, poor unfortunates! I fear I'm one,
And need thy pity; for I feed on spray,
Which dashes from the fountain where you drink.

LUCIEN.

You are a poet far eclipsing me;
Don't contradict me, darling — let it rest.

Look up, my Lillian, into my eyes,
And say you love me, — that you will be mine.
Your head is drooping like a violet;
O, breathe impassioned words, — my ear inclines.

LILLIAN.

I will be thine,
To calm each wave of anguish which may beat
Against thy bark, and smile all care away,
And love thee ever till Existence dims;
Still more — I'll be thy Soul's true loving mate;
I'll go with thee through Science's dusky aisles,
Pursued by lamp light, and with weary feet,
And o'er the fragrant hills of Poesy,
Culling the thought-buds which may there unfold,
And wheresoe'er thy spirit-feet may stray!
My heart is fettered, Lucien, close to thine
By flowery bands of Love — will ever be!

LUCIEN, (*embracing her.*)

By Heaven! I have never lived till now;
To feel thy warm breath 'gainst my cheek, and hear
Thy tell-tale heart, were worth all yonder stars.

LILLIAN.

Lucien, my own! —

LUCIEN.

How beautiful yon star leaps from the flood,
Shaking the spray from off its locks; it shines

As bright as on Creation's morn. It sees
Itself reflected in the glassy sea,
And proudly upward vaults to zenith fame;
So have I seen men rise, serene and calm,
And rest, a beacon light to future years.

LILLIAN.

'Tis emblem of the Soul, which from Time's waves
Leaps upward to immortal light, and on
Its forehead bears the crown of Faith.
I would forever listen to thy words,
But I must now away.

LUCIEN.

Wilt meet me here
To-morrow eve, and pass the fleeting hours
In raptures o'er the sea, flinging its notes
Resounding at our feet?

LILLIAN.

Will sun to-morrow rise?

SCENE VII.

Home of RUDOLPH. — *Afternoon.* HELEN, *wife of*
RUDOLPH, *and* LUCIEN.

LUCIEN.

My sister Helen, I have come to bid
The old paternal roof and thee adieu;

A sad and painful sweetness this, to take
A last view of the roof, where first I saw
The rosy sunlight of this joyful world,
And sever all the ties of boyish life.
My soul is wedded to these mounds and trees;
The flowers affectionately smile on me;
My mother planted them, as jewelled drops
From her pure soul outflowed. The pond
Where in my early years I patient watched
The nibbling trout; the fountain on the lawn,
The linden trees, shading their foliage
Among the crimson-maple boughs, all speak
A language eloquent in memories' lore;
And every leaf which flutters to the ground
Seems souvenir to me from sainted dead.
What painful change a few short years will work!
The Spring flowers bloom beneath a smiling sun,
But Autumn scatters all. My heart is sad;
'Tis sad to say a long good-by to these,
But sadder still to say adieu to you.
To you, my sister, my full heart has poured
Its treasures freighted with Affection's drops,
As cloud with rain, for many lonely years.

HELEN.

It is with pain I take you by the hand,
And feel your tender pressure as you speak
Adieu. Your heart is manly, brave, and strong;
And 'mid your reckless daring lurks a love

Outshining all the Kohinoors of Ind.
From boyhood I have watched thy daring mind,
As I would watch a tulip bud unfold
Its beauty rare. A sister's heart enshrined
Thee with a more than sister's love. To thee,
In darkest hour, I've turned my eyes for help ;
And either by your boyish, soothing words,
Or deep philosophy of riper years,
I always found relief. You've been my friend,
And round you I have twined for my support.

LUCIEN.

But Rudolph should give sympathy to you,
And watch each shadow, ere it frames in words ;
As gardener would protect a cherished plant,
And shield it from the frosts, and scorching suns,
And seek pay for his pains in golden blooms —
So should he guard thee, and but ask thy love.

HELEN.

He did so, once, in his first heat of love,
Ere waned the moon which o'er a few short months
Intoxication threw. Then he was cold ;
I, sensitive as tropic plant to frosts ;
His words were icicles piercing my heart ;
I strove with servile ardor to retain
His love ; and when, with weary feet, I sought
To please him, and to court a single smile,
In gloomy silence he would turn away.

I know, in desperation, I do wrong,
Because my heated blood inflames my tongue;
I speak harsh words I bitterly repent,
As wretch who suffers in the dungeon's gloom.
When I am always met by freezing words,
Which chill my glowing heart and still its throbs;
When hardest toil to please is overlooked,
And slightest faults call forth a bitter scorn,
All day to haunt me with its loveless cry;
When he who wooed and won me for his own,
At every fault calls us mismated pair, —
I cannot, cannot still the lightning thoughts
Which, like a great explosive fire, arise,
And dissipate my tears in burning wrath.

Eve after eve a wretched ghost I sit,
Amid the ruins of my cheerless heart,
Beside the lonely fire. I've wept enough
To quench its hottest flames, because he sat
Not by my side. I want his love; I pine
For one true heart, against which I can lean,
And know 'tis strong enough to bear me up.
My eyes become a fountain, gushing tears,
As I sit lonely, all the evening long;
I am hedged in by rules, which to transcend
Is to lose caste and friends. A woman's heart
Becomes a well of thought; the silent hours
Give strength. I listen to the ticking clock,
Thinking each tick brings death nearer to me.

Life is a tree which yields but blighted fruit;
To me it brings but sorrow, pain, and woe;
My ear is starving for one loving word;
But all he says to me is stern and cold.
Not so he wooed; his voice was sweet as dove's.
Life was not long enough for him to pledge,
But e'en beyond the tomb he vowed to love
An angel, who of course must live beyond;
Ah, me, if these are sweets of married life,
I'd rather have a courtship never end!

LUCIEN.

A lover's courtship should be married life—
Love growing sweeter, like good wine, with age.

HELEN.

'Tis oft like vinegar, which sours with age;
Mine is not sour enough without wormwood
And gall, distilled from acrid, biting words,
Which crush my crown of thorns about my head.
By slow degrees his love died out; I felt
Its loss, but patient kept; in silent hours
I wept; he knew it not; knew not his words
Were daggers piercing deep, and leaving wounds
No balm could ever heal. And now he thinks
He has sufficient cause to leave me thus
To find relief in tears—globed anguish drops!
Great God! what have I done! Have I so changed
Since he bore me, a tearful girl, away

From my old home, and gentle mother's love?
I was his darling then ; what now ? A poor
Attaché to Lord Rudolph's suit !
I scorn this life ! I cannot see why I
Am any better than the wretched thing
Who, in the gilded palace, sells herself !
The law calls me his Wife. Between us, hate
Grows rank as tangled weed ; I Mistress am !
My pay is rank, position, clothes, and food.

I sit here where the shadows gather round,
And look into the flames, and Fancy weaves
A higher destiny which I might gain ;
But I am bound, with iron chains, to one
Who hates my presence as men hate the plague.

LUCIEN.

It is too true the Soul is made a slave ;
Poor stranger, harnessed into servile bands,
And made to pander to our lusts. A slave
To cater to our wants. Some souls are dwarfed
By boiling soup, and mixing bread and cakes,
To feed a morbid, wrong-directed taste ;
Low in deep mines Soul sweats and toils, a drudge ;
Bent down in painful pasture underneath
The rocky veins ; drinking in poisoned air,
To gain a pittance on the earth which God
Created for his children's dwelling-place ;
It chases the furred otter o'er the North,

And 'mid eternal snows its camp-fires keeps,
To gain permit to stay a while on Earth ;
It burns beneath the festering torrid sun ;
It sells itself, and has the fiery seal,
"Damnation," written on its brazen cheek,
And makes the demons of the fabled hell
Blush at its deeds.

Down from the radiant spheres,
Along the path of ages, slow it came ;
But scarcely had it time to gaze around
Before its captor came. Like shell upcast
On foreign coast, 'twas seized by savage hands,
And forced to toil, and meekly to obey
Its master's will. To suffer unto death,
Yet dying, never die, to all eternity.
Your lot is hard, but millions are the same ;
A million moanings at this hour ascend
From hearts as wan and blighted as your own.

HELEN.

Then do the angels weep. Why, why does God
A wrong so mighty suffer to exist ?
Why does he not stretch forth his hand, and save
Mankind from torments of a marriage hell ?

LUCIEN.

It is not God who makes this flaming hell,
But each poor sufferer makes it for himself ;

Each piles the fagots, and applies the torch,
And when it burns, cries lustily to God.
If 't burns you, Helen, get out of the flames!
I do not think your case so desperate
As to demand a treatment so severe.

HELEN.

What can I do?

LUCIEN.

One thing is all you need,
To make you happy as your early dreams.

HELEN.

All Wealth can bring I have; one thing I crave,
And that is, to be loved.

LUCIEN.

Can you not gain his love?

HELEN.

I cannot hope;
Bright hopes I've shrouded in a gloomy tomb.

LUCIEN.

Meet his harsh words with smiles, and when he frowns,
Converse; and wreath a rainbow o'er his head
When it is densely capped with thunder clouds
Ready to belch volcanic fury out.

HELEN.

Once more I'll try!

[*Weeps.*

LUCIEN.

God bless and help thee, Helen!

The hours fly on ; and I must say farewell
To thee, my sister, and then meet my star,
Who'll come with Evening to yon rocky beach ;
When I return, I hope those shrouding clouds
Will all have vanished, and a sunshine day
Brighten these ancient halls.

Adieu !

HELEN, *weeping.*

Adieu!

[*Exit* LUCIEN.]HELEN, *alone.*

If there's a perfect man in all the world,
'Tis Lucien. He is manly ; yet he bears
A tender heart. He's noble, bold, and brave ;
And if sometimes a Dreamer, he dreams Truth,
And is defiant in behalf of Right ;
O that my Rudolph were like him ! I'd leave
My wealth and friends, and go into the wilds
Beyond the Rocky Mountains' rugged peaks,
And dwell with savage beasts and savage men,
To feel a heart so pure beat 'gainst my own.

SCENE VIII.

The Seaside. — Evening. LUCIEN and LILLIAN.

LILLIAN, *alone.*

How long he tarries! I am like the flower,
Through all the night, that waiteth for the sun;
Or mariner, through billowy tempest cloud
Expectant watching for a guiding star.
How happy all things are, and happy I.
I am entranced; to me he is a god.
As priestly Hindoo worships at the shrine
Of Bram and Buddha, so I worship him. [Pauses.
How slow the moments pass! and every one
An age seems to my eager love. He'll come!
He loves me truly as I love, I know;
I've felt Love's pressure, and he gave it me;
There was a thrill in his electric touch!
How patiently Night waits her coming stars,
So wait I him. I'll sing.

My Past is dead, and not one grief
Hangs o'er its resting-place;
I view no more its sunbeams brief,
Its heavy shadows trace;
I've lulled it to a dreamless sleep,
And taught my pale eyes not to weep
Over its ashes, buried deep!

With mournful eyes I saw it fade,
And slowly pass away,

And all my haunting sorrows laid
In ruins lone and gray.
But o'er its grave Hope sits and sings,
And Memory never, never brings
A thought which round its ashes clings.

My life is now a blissful dream
Of beauty, hope, and love,
And in an Eden world I seem
Like angel-land above.
A deep voice breathes Love's witching vow,
Wreathes buds of gladness round my brow, —
My Past is dead — I'm happy now.
He comes!

LUCIEN.

A song, a song! a sweet and heartfelt song;
My waiting thrush has called her mate by song.

LILLIAN.

I've waited; but the silence here is such,
And such a holy influence here pervades,
It only wakes me to the cheerless void
My heart would be without thy love.

LUCIEN.

How calm the moonbeams fall upon the waves,
Calm as thy love upon my heart. The stars
Are speaking love to-night. The tell-tale waves
Are whispering to the shore. Didst ever think

Of Nature's love ? The sea, in murmurs, courts
The shore, the brooklet rushes to the lake,
The river to the deep.

LILLIAN.

Few see this image of the Great Divine ;
But those who read feel deepest joy. Yet more
Divine and soul-enrapturing the thought —
The union of our trusting hearts, like drops
Of water mingling into one — two drops
Of crystal dew uniting on one flower,
And that the flower of Love. Why do you look
So dreaming ? Art thou thinking of the Past,
Or dreaming of the mystic Future ?

LUCIEN.

I'm thinking of the gloomy, coming year.
Wilt cheer me, Lilly, with a merry song,
As full of heart-throbs as the morn of larks ?

LILLIAN.

I'll sing thee of my new-found home, thy heart. [*Sings.*

A dear little hermitage I live in,
Away from the world of wrong and sin,
Where, if grim Care raps, she is not let in.

There is muffled music, so soft and low,
That I never tire of its constant flow,
And 'tis hymning my name all day, I know.

There is much that is rich, and grand, and rare,
There are thoughts of beauty, and pictures fair,
And flowers that bloom in the lovelight there.

O, I would not yield my place of rest, —
The offered heart in thy brave, brave breast, —
If yon clouds were gold, and I owned the West.

LUCIEN.

A honeyed song, and very sweetly sung;
Would that my heart were worth such compliment.

[Handing her a paper.]

Accept this song. I cannot frame a tune,
But your low voice can hum it when I'm gone,
To your guitar. *[Lillian takes it and reads.]*

O, I love thee, Lilly dearest,
As I never loved before;
Thou my hopeful future cheerest,
And with sunshine gild'st it o'er.

When thy calm eyes, on me beaming,
Waken on my lips a smile,
I am like a pilgrim, dreaming
On some far-off Eden isle.

And my soul exults in love-land,
Weaving Fancy's shadowy joy,
Sipping pleasures never wearying,
Which can never, never cloy!

In thy presence all things brighten,
Every thing with beauty shines ;
Thou alone my sad heart lightens,
Thou hast woke this soul of mine.

In the hours of shadowy twilight,
You will think of absent me,
And the loneliness of absence
Will dry up the fount of glee.

LILLIAN.

Art going? Where? Where art thou going?

LUCIEN.

To-night I bid adieu to thee, my own,
Until the Sun his yearly journey takes ;
'Tis sad that Fate must part us for a time,
In our first flush of love ; yet must it be.

LILLIAN.

Bid me adieu ! we cannot, cannot part ;
O, say not so ! It chills my tropic heart.
What cruel Fate ordains the path of love,
That when my flowers are just oping to bloom,
The frost must blight ! [*Weeps.*

LUCIEN.

Lillian, dry thy tears ; a few short months,
And I'll return to thee ; and absence will

But test our love. We can exchange our thoughts,
Our hopes and fears.

LILLIAN.

Days may bring hapless change, they always do;
They'll drag like snails, and never reach an end.

LUCIEN.

They may bring changes, but we'll never change;
True to each other as the moon to Earth,
We will await the blest reunion here.

LILLIAN.

Do you believe in constancy?

LUCIEN.

If 'tis true,
As ancient said, we were two wandering halves
Until we found each other, then a whole,
We're blended in a unit, which to part
Would be to crush us both.

LILLIAN.

I once believed
That constancy was but a foolish whim,
And thought a single love spoke narrow heart;
But now, above all things, I'd have it true.
I love you now, but if you should become
A slave to habit, liar, debauchee,

From whose base heart all chastity had fled,
And in whose conscience every thought of right
Was drowned in revelry, or sparkling wine,
Would I be true to self to love thee still?

I knew one once who loved as I love thee,
And gave her heart, and never took it back;
Her lover was a proud and fearless man,
Tall and majestic, with a piercing eye,
And forehead high and broad, admired by all.
In her simplicity of heart she thought
Him deified. He at the altar pledged
To cherish and protect the tender plant
Transplanted from paternal soil, where smiles
Of numerous friends, and plenty, sunshine made.
He was so noble, that she never dreamed
That he could from his peerless throne descend.
I saw how proudly glanced her dewy eye
When she was his, by sacred vow and law.
O, it is well we mortals cannot pierce
The future years. 'Tis well for us to dream
Their walls are hung with pictures bright and fair,
E'en though they all may shrouded be with crape.

E'en then he was a victim doomed, and stood
O'er brink of precipice profound as hell.
Habit, like a fierce adder, pressed his steps,
And dragged him down. He lost his self-respect,
His manhood, nobleness and pride,

And tarried long in loathsome dens, where wine
Is worshipped by its filthy devotees;
His tearful wife in silence watched his race
To ruin. When the poison worked at life's
Young fountains, blasting its pure streams, she sat
By him through all the night, when demons clutched
Him in their grasp, and slimy serpents crawled
Within his flesh. Sometimes he shrieked and yelled;
In frenzy swore, and madly cried for help.
Each cry her agonizing heartstrings broke;
But mute she sat, with fixed and tearful eyes,
And never breathed one harsh rebuke; and when
His reason once again usurped control,
He saw her bending o'er his couch, her eyes
Suffused with tears. The rock was smote. He wept
Like drowning man, swept onward by the flood.
He grasped her hand, she drew him to the shore;
He slipped again, he gurgled in the stream;
Again on shore, he slipped again; she held
Him up; he slipped, slipped from her grasp into
The tide, become a vile, unseemly beast,
Corrupt, depraved. Then Poverty and Want,
Twin brothers, cried. She labored hard, fared hard,
In cabin dwelt, with windows stuffed with rags,
And crevices through which came down the snow;
She labored, he consumed; her life-drops took
To brutalize himself. He lower sank,
And lower still. The sky blushed o'er his head,
And Earth became ashamed to give support

To thing so foul; — she oped her gloomy jaws,
And hid him from the frowning sky of stars.
Then was the maiden free, but maid no more;
A poor, despised, and broken-hearted thing —
A drunkard's wife, with drunkard's ragged brood,
To draw the scorn and pity of the mocking world.

LUCIEN.

A sad tale, sadly told.

LILLIAN.

Proves it that she
Was wrong in being constant in her love?
The man she loved in after years was not
The one who wooed her girlish love;
Her lover changed to fiend; and could she love
A fiend?

LUCIEN.

Ne'er shall you say of me
I ask more love than I by truth command.

LILLIAN.

My noble, noble Lucien! you are all
Ideal Fancy frames of man. In thee
My being centres. Call me thine! — 'tis bliss!
As drop fades in the ocean, so I fade
In thee.

LUCIEN.

Come to my arms! mingle our breaths —
Our hearts in unison throb wild — what bliss!

O, for one hour of such impassioned joy
I'd bear a lifetime of deep agony;
All Heaven seems centred in a moment's space!

LILLIAN.

Our parting hangs about me like a fog
I cannot penetrate.

LUCIEN.

Sing me a song
Which will haunt memory, when I'm far away,
Like some soft spirit voice, and bring thee near.

LILLIAN, (*sings.*)

When the holy hours are coming,
Through the shadows gray and lone,
And the low and dreamy humming,
Of the insect's voice has flown;
When the brooding shadows deepen,
And the stars come in the sky,
I shall think of thee, my sunbeam,
And shall wish that thou wert nigh.

O, forget not that I love thee;
That each high and holy thought
Which is framed within my bosom,
With thy cherished name is fraught;
Lucien, time in all its changes,
Light or mournful, ne'er will view
One short hour when thou'rt forgotten,
Or my love for thee less true.

Darling, I would fain be with thee
In each hour of thought and care;
I would soothe thee and caress thee,
And each weight of anguish share.
Though I linger I'll go with thee,
We can never, never part;
We are one in thought and feeling,
One in prayer, and one in heart.

The cold world may come between us,
Care and grief our fate betide,
But they never, for one moment,
Can our loving souls divide;
Like two rosy clouds at morning,
Mingling round the crimson sun,
They may pierce but not divide us,
For though two we are but one.

Often on some gentle zephyr
I will send to thee a kiss;
And, my own, if you receive it,
It will yield a draught of bliss.
Now, fare thee well, my precious Lucien;
Till we meet in future hours,
God and holy angels guard thee,
And thy life-path bloom with flowers.

LUCIEN.

Thou art a treasure, Lillian, and mine!

LILLIAN.

Most thrilling words I ever heard. I'm thine!
Thou'rt mine, forever mine, and I am thine.

[Thunder heard.]

LUCIEN.

Then spoke Jehovah, witness to our vows;
They're written in the sacred books of Fate;
A gale rests yonder on the ocean's edge;
A moaning ghost disturbed in restless sleep,
And stalking up against the stars. How one
By one its white edge drinks their shining orbs,
And quickly swallows up the lightning's gleam.
The demon of the storm is muttering
Hoarse to himself. Soon will the madman rage.

LILLIAN.

Poor mariners! to-night, like erring souls
Without a star or light, tossed on the foam,
The snowy ships we saw move o'er the wastes
Like huge sea-birds, or spirits of the night;
Poor things, how they will brave all night
The gnashing of the waves.

LUCIEN.

The Ocean stirs;
It rouses for the deadly strife; already feels
His master's lash, and frets against the shore.
All eve he's wooed and loved that stubborn thing

Which in high calmness sat and let him woo;
She is asleep and wakes not to his kiss;
He feels insulted now, and at the clouds
He leaps, and springs against the rocks.

Oft have I thought that Life were but a wave
Rolled from the human sea, to die on shore;
This shore is like the record of the Past,
With wrecks and trophies strewn. The waves are men,
The pets of Fame, who die in noise and spray.
The splintered wrecks are perished empires, states,
Cast up to moulder in the pelting rain.

LILLIAN.

The trees are moaning as they wake from sleep
To fight for life.

LUCIEN.

They picture out our lives,
Our fickle lives. A moment since and all
Was calm and bright, now whirlwinds fill the air,
And shake the trees as partings do fond hearts;
'Tis true that, from the sunniest sky the crash
Of tempests oftentimes comes; but when Manhood
Stands at the helm, the ship outrides the storms.
The barks we saw, now rearing in the gale,
Are manned by men, and now that danger comes
They waste not time by coward fear, but work;
A strong hand holds their helm, a watchful eye
Throws up their prows against the billows' might;

The waves gnash 'gainst them in Niagara foam,
The horrid lightnings hiss into the deep,
The thunders shake the vaulted arch of Heaven, —
Not all avail to crush the flying ship,
Frail shell as 'tis; so man can breast it too,
If he but knows his strength.

LILLIAN.

Methinks that I
Would nothing fear, with thee to guide the helm,
And sit beside me in Life's boat.

LUCIEN.

The clouds begin to weep, and we must part.

LILLIAN.

Our parting is so painful that they weep.

LUCIEN.

Protracted bliss becomes acutest pain;
A sip of nectar from thy lips — adieu!

LILLIAN.

Adieu!

[*Alone.*

My heart is desolate as castle on the Rhine
In ruins for a thousand years. Gone — Gone!
My very life went with him, — weary year!
Eternity is short to thee! I'll count each day,
Each hour, and minute of the hour, until
We meet again to part no more.

SCENE IX.

Home of RUDOLPH. — *Parlor.* RUDOLPH and HELEN.

RUDOLPH.

The most intelligent of wives in town
Has my friend Charles; indeed a lucky man!
She reads the papers, and is fast in news
As sage reporter of the daily press;
Of politics and scientific lore
She speaks like statesman, or the wisest sage;
She is a model of womanly grace;
And never have I seen one who so pleased
My fancy, with her gracefulness of speech,
The sparkle of her wit, and queenly air.
Had I been fiery-hearted Lucien, I
Should sure have asked her for a tale of life
She led among the blissful bowers of Heaven,
Before incarnate she became on earth;
It did meseem that she was fairy queen,
Or angel for a while on earth beguiled;
And then I thought of you, and how I wished
You might take pattern from her winning grace.

HELEN.

How can I, when oppressed with household cares?
Her time is all her own; and his advice
He freely gives, in loving tones, to her.

My soul is bowed beneath the weight of toil,
And but few moments have I to devote
To reading or to thought.

FRANK, (*running in with his kite.*)

Mamma, my kite is smashed, the string is broke ;
I want a piece of twine — and paper too —
There — tie it for me — so — a good hard knot
That will not slip. — Quick, for I want to go! —
'Twill fly so high its nose will touch the clouds.

[*Runs out.*

RUDOLPH.

Some household cares, enough to stir the blood, —
Scarcely enough for exercise and health —
You might inform yourself in leisure hours.

JENNIE, (*by the fireside.*)

There! the bell rings, and it is time to go;
Where is my satchel, mother — always gone!
I surely hung it there upon that nail.

[*Helen arises to look for it.*

O, there it is! — I guess I did forget;
My bonnet strings are tied in hardest knot
That ever little girl was troubled with!
Untie it, mother — brush my hair — good by!

[*Exit.*

HELEN, (*again seating herself.*)

When weary with the toiling day I sit ———

JENNIE, (*comes running back.*)

Mamma, I'm hungry; may I have some cake?

[*Helen gets her a piece of cake.*]

RUDOLPH.

There now, Miss Jennie, start yourself for school!

And make yourself, from now till twelve o'clock,

About as scarce as snowy day in June.

[*Exit JENNIE.*]

HELEN, (*resuming her conversation.*)

I am so wearied by the toilsome day

My fevered mind cannot endure to read

The vapid thoughts of those who cannot feel

Its gnawing wants. I sit, companionless,

At eve, and ghost-like haunt the mazy halls

And labyrinths of my enshrouded soul.

RUDOLPH.

You have all spirits lost; from joyful maid,

A pale and drooping woman you've become.

HELEN.

Care is the vampire feeding on my life;

Our children totter yet and need my hand.

RUDOLPH. .

They are but little care ; send them away !
The oil of birch, freely applied, will still
Them in their noisiest moods.

CLAYTON, (*coming out of an adjoining room,
with a book.*)

Wilt answer me a question, mother, dear? —
I'll only trouble you a moment now.

HELEN.

Yes, darling, I will answer you with joy.

CLAYTON.

You said that God created every thing ;
Now, please to tell me who created God ?

RUDOLPH.

Don't answer that great, prattling brat ! Nonsense,
To talk with children ! They can't understand !

HELEN.

They are *our* children, Rudolph. When I gave
Them life, I pledged myself them to sustain.
If I am crushed they must be clothed and fed,
And nourished with the mental food of which
All children have, by birth, a right to claim.
The robin mother cherishes her young,

And though she may be starving, gives them food;
All day she breasts the pelting of the storm,
And broods them with her plummy wing at night,
Though on her back collects the biting frost;
Shall I be less a mother than the bird?
Less true to mother's duty than the wren?

CLAYTON.

Will you please answer, Ma? I've thought all day
And yet know not.

HELEN.

A query over which sages have failed,
And far beyond my feeble grasp of thought.
Perhaps your father better can explain
The mysteries which Divinity enshrine.

CLAYTON.

Pa, who made God?

RUDOLPH.

What! asking questions? Why, sir, do I send
You to the schools? Ask your wise teacher that, —
The sapient fool would twaddle for an hour!
His tongue would run, and words come rolling out,
Nor you nor he be wiser for 't. Away!
I do not want you whining here — away!

Children a blessing! Much like Egypt's curse!
Children! prattling, rattling, pestering children!

To have them round me almost drives me mad;
I cannot see what benefit they are,
And do protest against them.

CLAYTON.

What did you have us for, if you so hate?
I'm not to blame because I live! Not I
Who'd willing come to trouble any one!

RUDOLPH.

Stop! not another word!

HELEN, (*to Clayton.*)

A question of great moment thou hast asked;
A question soon to shake the throbbing world.

RUDOLPH.

I want no lecture on our social wrongs;
I want to speak without that prattler's prate.

I should be happy if I had a wife
Who loved to cultivate her mind; or one
Who for the literati's laurels strove;
'Twould feed my pride, and chain my soul to hers.
I saw to-day the sheets of a new work, —
A fine production, too, if critics judge, —
Just thrown before the hungry, shouting world,
And Charles's wife was its author.

HELEN.

I wrote some verse, —
You only laughed, and said you did detest
Pegasus cantering 'neath a streaming skirt.

RUDOLPH.

'Twas nothing but a little jingling rhyme,
Disgraceful to you as a half-way wit;
You cannot poetize; and if you try,
'Twill bring on us contempt. Turtles can't fly,
And must contented be on turtle's plain.
These weak-winged poetlings, poor, longing things!
They see an eagle circling in the air,
And screaming out, in great imagined joy,
Spread out their wings and tumble from the nest,
A prey to vultures, carrion crows, and wolves,
Politely called by sounding name of critics.

HELEN.

I wrote a little story, and you said
It was as flat and stale as apples froze
And thawed through forty wintry storms.

RUDOLPH.

I said the truth. So sentimental 'twas
It paled and languished like a prudish maid:
The fact is sad, but clear; we are mismatched,
And do commit a sin against ourselves
By our relations, view them as you will.

HELEN.

But we have made the great mistake, and now
These children look to us for love and care ;
Not theirs but ours the will by which they live,
And ours to educate to manly men.

RUDOLPH.

The children must care for themselves ; not I
Who'll groan in galling chains to save their souls.
Principles of vast import are involved,
And I will be a martyr in their cause.
Their light has slowly dawned upon my mind,
And now I see. No law shall fetter me !
I will be free, though frowning mountains fall,
And though the ocean's bed be broken up ;
Though the whole race of lank law-makers chase
Close at my heels like pack of snarling curs,
I'll stand up nobly in my freedom's strength.
Nature has endowed us with attractions,
And I am pledged to follow where they lead.
I will be free !

HELEN.

Pause, Rudolph, ere you leap.
Turn your wild eye upon our darling babes.
Are they not pledges of a holy love,
More sacred, binding than the marriage oath ?
The perfect union of two trusting hearts ?
Our blood plays mingling in those tiny veins ;

In them our minds unite, and blend us both.
When in the tell-tale chambers of their souls
Play smiles, I ponder how you used to smile
Upon me long ago, when love was fresh
On our warm hearts as dew on morning flowers;
When round my neck they twine their little arms,
And out from mouths cut so much like your own,
Shower fragrant kisses, and I turn away
And thank my Father that those cherished babes
Have power to 'mind me of your former love,
They bind me to you, if not you to me. [*Weeps.*

RUDOLPH.

Snivel, snivel! cry, scold, snivel!
An April-hearted woman I detest!
Well, cry; I can't waste words or time; I'm off;
Perhaps shall not return in many weeks,
Perhaps in months, if business so dispose.
[*Prepares to leave.*

HELEN.

Canst bid me one good by?

RUDOLPH.

Good by! [*Exit.*

HELEN, (*alone.*)

It is not worth the having if 'tis begged;
I do my best, and yet my best is scorned.
Ah, noble Lucien, as you wished, I've done;

The wound healed not ; but widely gaped afresh.
I thought my Rudolph, as thee, noble once ;
I dreamed ; I woke ; gods, what a scene !
The world seems a volcanic plain, o'er which
The fires of ages have terrific swept,
And nought but waste and desolation meet
My eyes.

Is there an evil god who loves
To wring from human hearts the drops of woe ?
Who rages round the world like simoom blast,
And sweeps men downward to the pit of hell ?
I cannot think our great All-Father, God,
Would suffer such a one to roam at large ;
We are all devils to ourselves, and lash
Us with a scorpion sting.

If I could rise
To noted greatness in the world of art,
Or letters, and acquire the critic's praise,
He would be proud to own me for his wife.
The only door to gain his love is pride —
The Sesame. Months are before me ere
He will return. I'll bend me to the task.

SCENE X.

The Shores of an Island. LUCIEN and MAID.

LUCIEN, (*alone.*)

Here Nature speaks in music, and my heart,
A poor, worn thing, can hold commune with her.
How wander we around the world for rest,
Yet find it not. 'Tis just outside our grasp,
And ever flies pursuit. Like chamois 'mong the rocks,
We chase it over mountain peaks, and crags, and chasms,
Through snows, and sleet, and fire, yet find it not.
When we the summit of one peak have gained,
It mounts another; so we climb and climb,
To chase this will-'o-wisp, to grasp — in death!
No, not in death; for death is life, and brings
Not peace nor joy to heart that panteth here.
We parted, Lillian and I, amid
The rain and tempest, and the gloom of night.
I've scoffed at omens; but it cast a shade
I could not throw aside. It omened ill.
Once I received a sheet her hand had traced:
It brought our souls in contact, and I read
Eager as alchemist in search of gold.

[*Draws from his pocket a letter, and reads.*]

"I tarried in the weeping winds a long,
Long time. They sighed for me, and cooled my brow.
I said, 'I'm thine,' and Ocean thundered, 'Yes!'
Yes, all thine, and forever thine. 'Yes, yes!'

And thou art mine ! How thrilling is the thought !
Nought can divide us ; we are one in soul ;
And mummary of priests can't bind us more.
I think of thee each moment ; thy sweet name,
Whate'er I say, is trembling on my tongue.
My soul is thine, all thine ; whate'er may be
In store for thee, I'll share. Would I could feel
Thy lips touch mine, and give thee one caress
To tell my love. Thy voice is music sweet ;
Your tell-tale eyes reveal your love. To gaze
Into their depths is viewing ocean caves,
Some fairy of a thought is sporting there,
And pearls and diamonds strew the coral floor."

[*Pauses.*

She loved me then, and she will never change ;
How must she suffer ! Would I knew it all.
The worst were better far than this suspense.
My anxious soul, would I could fly from thee !
I will away — [*Meets a lady beneath a tree, asleep.*
Ah, who is this ? A mermaid, from the waves ?
How sweetly does she sleep ! How blessed is sleep !
How many times I've courted it in vain !
Coquettishly it fled pursuit ; — a balm is sleep.
It levels all ; the beggar and the king are on
Most equal terms. Sweet, all-restoring Rest !
The only Sabbath Nature keeps is thine.
Oblivious Peace ! When rosy Health lies down
On mossy bank, with waving curtain trees,
And blanket of blue sky thick set with stars,

The tortured mind a refuge finds in thee.
Thou givest the anodyne and opiate
Which soothe the nerves of suffering man ;
Oblivion shadows thee. Thy wings of rest
Blot out all memory, all anguish thoughts,
All lights and shades, all happiness and sin,
All loves and hates, passions and crimes. We drink
Of thee, and back return to nothingness.
The weary soul is for a season healed ;
Perhaps its secret portals are thrown back,
And angels enter to commune with it.
Perhaps the soul the body leaves, and soars
To regions far remote, to heavenly gates,
And with the angels talks around God's throne.
But as a traveller, freight with precious spoils,
Wrecked in returning from a distant clime,
Loses his all, bringing but life alone,
So we awake from all our dreams of bliss.

Here is a child, beneath this whispering tree,
A child just blushing into womanhood ;
How innocent and sweet the smiles which play
Upon her face, like sunshine on a flower !
Ah ! now a shadow flits — like cloud I've seen
Throw ghostly shadow o'er a smiling plain !
'Tis gone ; and smiles now cluster round, like bees,
Her ruby lips. Sweet soul, art thou among the blest ?
O, as the setting sun flings such a beam
Of light, thy pleasures are reflected on
Thy face. She wakes.

MAID.

Who are you, Sir, who thus
Dares rudely gaze upon my sleeping face?

LUCIEN.

A Dreamer, who was dreaming on the rocks;
I came this way, and saw a fairy sleep;
I paused to feast my eyes on Beauty's child,
And watch the flitting lights and shades of dreams.

MAID.

I've seen thee oft upon the sounding shore,
A roamer in the moonlight, 'mong the rocks.
Thou art a poet. Poets are my loves;
I've heard thy musing words fall from thy lips
Like honey dropping from the snowy comb.

LUCIEN.

I would not have thy love. The night-bird loves
The moon, and serenades her from the spray,
Yet she moves on in calm and cold reserve,
And while she drowns him with her light, hears not
A note from his enraptured throat — so would
It be if thou shouldst love.

MAID.

Art thou a man,
And yet so cold? A Poet, wrapped in fire,
And canst reject my love in cold disdain?

Down in your eye I see a gleam of light —
You love! Whom dost thou love?

LUCIEN.

I love one who is nobleness itself;
Her look is queenly; and her perfect form
Is like a goddess' from Elysian fields.

MAID.

Does she return thy ardent love?

LUCIEN.

She did;
But for a weary year no tidings come.

MAID.

And did you write to her?

LUCIEN.

Yes, every week
Of all this snail-paced year, I've sent to her
Letters as fraught with feeling as a ship
From India's coast with gems.

MAID.

And do you think
She still returns a love as deep as thine?
If so, thy wits have vanished to the winds;
She's to another plighted long ere this.

LUCIEN.

I know that she is true ; she loves me still ;
The winds have wafted many a kiss from her.

MAID.

Thou'rt constant as the stars to night ; a whim
Is constancy. It turns men into fools.
What binds thee ? wealth or rank, station or name ?

LUCIEN.

Nay, none of these. 'Tis purity and truth ;
A loving heart, and beauty's witching spell.

MAID.

You love
For love alone, and nothing more.

LUCIEN.

Alone for love.

MAID.

I'll give thee wealth and honor, fame and name ;
These fertile lands and teeming coasts ; my deed
Of tenure, and great chests of gold ; my shrines
And palaces, and liveried servants to obey ;
Thou'lt ride in splendid coach, with waiting slaves ;
Thy nod shall be the law ; thy will the rule ;
The hours, passed in luxurious ease,

Thou canst devote to entertain thy muse ;
And gaping thousands, hearing from such source,
Will shout thy praise. All this I'll give, and more,
If thou'lt transplant this love of thine, and give
It me.

LUCIEN.

I ne'er will sell myself for wealth or fame ;
Though at my feet you lay the oceaned world,
And give me empires of the moon and stars,
And make me equal to the thunder-god,
Thy offers I'd reject ! What's wealth to me ?
The royal palace or the golden shrine ?
'Twere better far to dwell in meanest hut
With upright mind, and purity of heart.
Will costly raiment manliness bestow ?
Will satins make me more than beggars' rags ?
The noble soul as often garbs itself
In rags, as in the far-fetched India robe.
What if ecstatic millions shout my praise ?
I more would give for one true loving heart,
In whom my trust and confidence might rest,
Than all the praises of the aping world ;
My Muse would leave me if I were so base.

MAID.

I'll give thee honors and the nation's praise,
Exalt thee to the rank of gods, — as moon
Is to the stars of night, which reverent bow
To the sultana on her silver throne.

Nay, more; as sun to moon thou'lt be to man,
Who'll praising, worship at thy blessed shrine,
And future centuries unto thy tomb
Will make long journeys from remotest parts,
And crumbling marble from its mossy side,
Or bough of willow weeping o'er the mound,
Will be a sacred relic of thy name.

LUCIEN.

I'll enter not Fame's portals as a thief;
A mental robber of undue applause,
Who stole a thunderbolt he could not wield.
I wish to stand up boldly for myself—
To pass for what I am, and nothing more.
This life would be a hell, should you bestow
Honors unmerited upon my head.
If I contribute to advance my race
By lofty thought or honorable act,
Then I deserve and love their praise. I wish
To rise to my own sphere; to live a life
True to myself and to the world; for this,
What praise I need the loyal world will give.
To deify the man has been the sin
Which crucified and racked the ages gone.
The boyish world is loyal to its kings,
And places with the gods its mighty minds.
I would not have it worship at my shrine;
'Twould call my spirit back from bliss, and send
It weeping in the sobbing rains. The man

Is far above all laws, all creeds and prayers ;
He should be godlike, looking to himself,
Relying on himself, and self alone ;
Man's sovereignty is far above all price,
A Kohinoor of fabulous price.

MAID.

Will fame not charm thee ? 'Twould be passing sweet
For thy proud spirit, throned on some bright star,
To listen as the Ages march along,
And hear them chanting thy eternal praise.
Thou wouldst eclipse the ancient bards of song,
And with a gush of music from thy soul,
Entrance the world to coming centuries.

LUCIEN.

Eclipse the bards ! those soaring birds of song ?
As well might snowbird with the eagle strive.
Your offer is temptation for a god ;
I'd suffer much to gain a trumpet tongue
To teach the Ages truth and right. For this
I would accept it if I thought the end
The means sustained. Why tempt me thus ?
Fame ! 'Tis a witch of such almighty power,
I'd almost sell Affection for its smiles !
Once Rudolph said, "All men have purchase-price,
And can be bought if you'll but pay the sum."
If I have price, 'tis Fame — a mighty name
For being true to self, and pure in soul,

And wearing on my brow a gleaming crown,
Thick set with diamonds of intelligence.
Nay, I'll not sell myself to gain a name;
For I do value selfhood more than all
The pulsing globes which beat in ether space.
I'd be a martyr to preserve respect;
I honor those who die by rack and fire,
The principles of selfhood to sustain,
More than the heroes of the battle field.
'Tis awfully sublime to see the soul
Stand, Jesus-like, at Pilate's throne — the World —
Defying all its giant powers to crush
One word or thought, or make it servile bow;
Nay, I reject thy gift. If Fame is mine,
I'll earn it by my deeds; if not, I'll sink
Into the shadows of oblivious rest.

MAID.

Yet one more price I offer, brighter far
Than Wealth or Fame — 'tis Love. I am the lake
And thou this island stern. I kiss thy brow,
I press my lips to thine, and murmur love;
I am dissolved in love, as clouds in mist;
I'd have thee all my own, and have thee call
Me thine. I'd have thy heart throb 'gainst my breast;
I'll drown thee in a sea of love! Our home
Shall be these chambers, fitted for the night
With mossy couch, and gleaming stars for lamps;
Our bridal tour shall be to Lands of Bliss;

Our honeymoon embrace Eternity.
This couch awaits thee ; wilt thou not be mine ?
•The amorous sky is blushing crimson red,
And roseate light diffuses on the air.
The Sun is sinking in the breast of Night,
The draping clouds blush round his bridal couch ;
O, let him be thy symbol !

LUCIEN.

Nay, for my heart is to another pledged ;
I would not wrong thee with a broken one
Given for thine, as fresh as blooms in May,
And luscious as a grape flowing with wine.

MAID.

[*Sings.*

Love floats in every waving breeze ;
It is Creation's living breath ;
It sweeps the grand old wind-harps, — Trees,
And clasps the palsied hand of Death.

Give all for Love ! give all for Love ! 'Tis bliss ;
What live we for but happiness ? Come, come !
I will intoxicate you with my breath,
And kiss you into dreaminess, until
The moments turn with Pleasure's nectared drink.

LUCIEN, (*to himself.*)

Proud Manhood, canst thou yield ? Those flowing curls,
And blushing cheeks, and coral lips would bring
Apollo down.

MAID.

The angels seek for bliss, and so may you.

LUCIEN.

But happiness is doing right, not wrong.

MAID.

Act, Lucien, as best pleases thee; there is
No other law.

LUCIEN.

Thy siren voice allures;
But should I follow where it leads hell yawns
Beneath — a whited sepulchre of loathsome bones —
A garnished house where all within is death —
Death of the body, death of soul, and death
To the dear soul of my own soul.

MAID.

You will
Not love?

LUCIEN.

Fair maid, I cannot, cannot love you!

MAID, (*arising angrily.*)

Go to the simple world, and praise thy truth;
Tell how you Wealth, Beauty, and Fame refused,
And it will call you madman, or a fool.
Speak you of Truth, and Purity of Heart,

And it will sneer, and say, "You'll wiser grow
On close acquaintance with the human heart."
• Speak of black sins, and Public Will will pelt
Your poor, cracked head till conscientiousness
Caves in! Prepare for this, fantastic fool,
Who tries to set the curséd World aright.
The world's brim full of fools and rogues, and they
Will howl at the first blast of Truth you blow,
Wake up the hornet nest and bear the stings!

LUCIEN.

I'll be a martyr if 'tis Truth demands.

MAID.

Fool! fool!

LUCIEN.

Those whom it cannot understand
The World calls Fool.

MAID.

Dost hate me, Lucien?

LUCIEN.

I am thy friend, —
But can be nothing more.

MAID.

Presumptuous fool!
Have thee? I would not for the fabled wealth

Of golden-gated West. Thou childish boy!
A snake for friend — a viper, or a frog;
Insult on insult, thus to call me friend!
Poor wretch, whom even in his rags sees gold,
Or golden hair, or azure-tinted eyes!
Thou dreaming vagabond! spending the time
You should devote to toil, to honest toil,
In skying up among the misty clouds,
And catching moonshine, or else writing it! —
Though frogs had wings they'd plunge into the mud.

LUCIEN.

You foam, like ginger pop in summer time.

MAID.

Besides your genius you have gallantry —
As much as fools have sense.

I will away;

The sight of you is quite unbearable!
Pale, haggard wizard, cold and slimy snake.

[*Exit.*

LUCIEN, (*alone.*)

Do I regret the course I have pursued?
A lonely path is mine — drear and uncheered.

[*Bows his head in his hand. An angel voice
speaks from the clouds.*

VOICE.

The Victor proudly rides through smoking blood
To seat himself on mighty Empire's thrones;

He conquers nations, and great cities storms,
And floats to glory on a sea of blood.
The servile world shouts his immortal name,
And ever lives the hero of the field;
Yet thou hast far eclipsed his daring soul;
'Tis written thus within the books of God;
For he who rightly acts, because 'tis right,
Reaps doubly rich reward. Brave youth!
The angels love thee; Heaven on thee smiles.
Thou art a man! To thee the suffering World
Must look for aid.

SCENE XI.

A Rock by the Seaside.—LILLIAN *slowly walking the Strand, absorbed in Thought.*

LILLIAN.

The sun has run its course, yet roving winds
Have never borne with sighs the loved one's name;
They've wafted many a fleet from spicy Ind,
Wafted on their swift wings the ships of war
To fiery battle fierce, the ships of peace,
To bind the Nations with their silken chains.
With thirsty eye I've watched approaching barks;
Like great white birds, they plough along the waves;
For hours I've eager watched their swelling sails,
Filled with the prosperous gale. They always came
From him, or so it seemed, and must bring news,

Or bear the absent to my outstretched arms.
And when from port they turned their vent'rous prows
Across the foaming waves, they seemed to live,
To brave the raging flood to go to him.

. When shouts the storm,
I think perhaps he breasts it for my love.
My noble Lucien, noblest of the brave!
The world might tell me thou wert foully false,
And still I'd think thee pure as sacred fire.
In one long kiss upon thy lips, I'd die
To tell thee once how perfect is my love.

[*A ship sails from port.*

Go, white-robed bride of sea, go to my love,
Fraught with a thousand names, and tell him this:
His bride awaits him by the sounding shore;
Tell him she lisps his name to roaming winds,
And freights them with her ardent love for him.

[*Passes a withered flower.*

Poor withered flower! how like am I to thee!
My sun has gone — perhaps forever set,
And I am drooping in the poison night. [*Weeps.*
To be with him — O, heaven of perfect bliss! —
I'd dwell in den, in wildest forest glade,
Or 'mid the wandering desert sands.
Fame, wealth, and all the lovely world I'd lay
Upon the sacred altar of my love.
My gilded halls are mockery to me;
I pine for heart-bread; I hunger for love; —
To love, and to be loved. Once he did say,

"O, how divine is love!" Yes, how divine!
The world is all a sham without its light;
I've lived in sunshine ever since I loved;
Before, I wandered in a shadowy night.

VOICE, (*from among the rocks.*)

Death! death!

LILLIAN.

Dead! dead!

[*Weeps.*

Ay, dead!

Untruthful, never! Then his home is heaven.

Then will his spirit come on moonlit wings,

And softly whisper in the evening hour

Of the Eternal Love the gulf dims not,

And softly fold me in his light embrace.

He never can forget; for if our love

Dies with the body, in the spirit-land

There is no joy, but blasting misery.

If we retain existence after death,

We must desire sometimes to visit earth,

And speak with those who dwell near to our hearts.

If not, I'd love God less, and hate the life

Inflicted on me. If Lucien lives in heaven,

And has all love for his own Lillian lost,

If we must meet unknown, and never feel

The thrilling pleasure of the gentle kiss,

The murmured words, nor fondly look again

Into each others love-lit, speaking eyes,

O, may Oblivion's monster drink me up
As night devours the day!

VOICE.

Deserted maid.

LILLIAN.

Nay, he has not left
Me, like a sibyl's cave, from which has fled
The oracle; he is too manly!

VOICE.

He loves another.

LILLIAN.

'Tis falsehood blacker than a moonless night
Of rains. But if he should another love,
Who made him happier than I, 'twould be
Deep wrong for me to bind him to his vow.
If so, he'd fold me to his manly breast and say,
"My Lillian, I am your truthful friend,
I can be nothing more, to blend our fates,
'Twould be injustice both to you and me."
Then would I say, though every heartstring severed,
"Go as thou list; I will not bind your heart
By gossamer thread — but love."

VOICE.

Deserted!

LILLIAN. .

No, I am not — more than the radiant sun
Deserts the earth at night but to return.
And if he sank at eve in dismal gloom
His morning will be bright with joy.

LUCIEN.

[Stepping from behind the rock.

Lillian !

LILLIAN.

Lucien !

[Wildly embracing him.

True as the stars to-night at eve you come.

LUCIEN.

To meet you where in other times
We pledged eternal vows. A pilgrim, lone
And weary, I come to sacred refuge
Of my restless soul, and find its treasure.

LILLIAN.

Still true to Lillian ?

LUCIEN.

Why not ?

Though only once from thee I've heard, that wail
As of a broken harp has ever spoke
Thy holy name.

LILLIAN.

And since we parted I've not heard from thee ;
I, wearied, sick at heart. I thought thee dead ;

But not a rebel thought called thee untrue.
But now I'll drown my sorrows in this cup
Of joy.

LUCIEN.

The year's been sad.

LILLIAN.

Ay, it has wept itself to death. The frosts
Have killed it, and now spread its winding sheet.

LUCIEN.

A gloomy year; tell me 'twas so to thee.

LILLIAN.

With black the clouds were hung, or else they lay
Like pallid ghosts along the groaning trees.
Oft have I come and dreamed of one away,
And thought if he gazed wistfully across
The waste, and thought of weeping maid.

One eve

I rested here. The golden Sun, like monarch,
Lay on Ocean's brim, kissed by the crimson
Flood. Slow, slow he sank. The blushing clouds
Formed a triumphal arch, gold-trimmed, or round
Him folded many a purple robe, which changed
In hue, as dying dolphin's sides. The sea
Was hushed in rest; all Nature paused around
The death-couch of its lord. An ominous crow
Came flapping overhead with dismal caw,

And, as he disappeared, Night slowly drew
Her curtains in the West, glowing like fire
In a great molten sea, then changed to brown,
And but a line of crimson, as a clot of blood,
Marked where the Monarch of the Day expired.

One diamond star trembled
On mantled Night, called by a boding owl,
• That sent the hollow rolling of its voice
In wavy volumes 'mong the startled trees.
I looked above; the stars looked palely down,
Like guardian spirits hovering near at night.
I looked into the West; an ashen cloud
Along the tree tops lay, like sheeted corpse;
I saw its folded arms, and auburn locks,
And Lucien's face! Great God! It froze my heart—
My blood stood still; and an eternity
Of woe concentrated in a moment's time;
Then cried the owl, like wailing spirit damned.
I looked again. There lay the corpse, now dyed
In clots of gore. My senses failed—I sank!
When I awoke, the night encompassed all;
The Milky Way, like serpent, wended 'cross
The sky, thick-set with stars, and in the West
Nought was revealed but black-edged clouds, like pall,
Slow setting down behind the trees. Despair,
In one wild wave, swept over me. I thought
Thee dead. The world a horrid night; and I
As desolate as abbey ivy-twined.
The stars were calm, the trees were all asleep;

Great Nature, free from toil, in slumber wrapped;
A holy silence filled the midnight world!
O, what a contrast with the fires which burned
And wrapped my heart in flames!
How can a little mortal live and bear
So much?

LUCIEN.

The past we will forget in joys;
We never more will part, my own.

LILLIAN.

Blessed words!
What is thy plan of life?

LUCIEN.

To make myself a perfect man.
Reformers preach of mighty things in store
For other men, and for the future years,
While deeply wallowing in filthy slime.
To cleanse the waters we must cleanse their source;
To be reformers we must change ourselves;
Men are like trees in Mississippi's flood —
Sometimes like sunken snags to wreck our friends;
Perhaps, cast high on sand bar, in the rain
To rot—the mouldering wreck of beauty, pride, and
power.
Few, few, alas! borne downward by the stream,
In safety reach the infinite ocean
Of endless Truth. I will not yield to tides,

To circumstance, or time ; but, steamer-like,
With or against the storm, by my own strength
Move on. My bark will meet with rocks, with falls
And floods, yet will I firmly hold its helm ;
My compass Reason, Nature for my guide,
I shall go onward, trusting to myself.
Will Lillian share whatever fate betide ?

LILLIAN.

Wilt pallid Moon
Attend its Earth around the central sun ?

LUCIEN.

The sun has broken through the cloudy veil.

LILLIAN.

And makes a May-day in my heart.

LUCIEN.

What meanest thou for future years ?

LILLIAN.

To be ideal of my Lucien's dreams.

LUCIEN, (*embracing her.*)

Thou art the sunshine to my night — the rain
To drooping flower. Forever mine !

LILLIAN.

Forever !

LUCIEN.

The caterpillar feeds on oaken leaves,
And nestles 'mong the rugged limbs. It dies,
And, lo! from seeming death it wakes to life.
Like it we feed on acrid leaves. The Soul
Is bound with iron chains, a slave to lusts;
Our hopes and aspirations crushed; our loves
Are checked, and warmest friendships froze. But when
The body falls to mother Earth, the soul,
Immortal, mounts into the ether skies.

LILLIAN.

And loves.

LUCIEN.

Ay, loves.

Joined hand in hand we'll roam Elysian bowers,
Beneath the purple skies and crimson clouds;
In wisdom growing as we grow in age—
Age that falls lightly as a snow-flake's weight.

SCENE XII.

The Home of RUDOLPH.LUCIEN, (*alone.*)

Familiar scenes, ye speak me of the dead !
Ah, these paternal halls awake a thrill
Of pleasure and of pain. My mother's voice
Is hushed ; the earthly winds were chill to her ;
My father watches from the spirit spheres.
From earth my sisters took their early flight,
As birds, at frost's approach, to milder climes.
Here am I holding converse with the dead.
Though they are dead, they have an impress left
Which ne'er can die.

My angel mother,
Didst thou e'er come back to these ancient halls,
And fondly linger in their holy sphere ?
I feel thy presence now ! Dost share my joy ?
Ah, yes, I know my truthful thoughts and deeds
Add to the measure of thy heavenly joys.

RUDOLPH, (*enters.*)

To whom speak you, my Lucien ?

LUCIEN.

To the dead.

RUDOLPH.

The dead ! They sleep ; they moulder back to Earth,
In yonder city, with its marble doors.

LUCIEN.

They sing immortal songs, in harmony
With rolling suns and spheres.

RUDOLPH.

The dead are dead. How prospers Love?

LILLIAN.

One note, and only one, have I received.

RUDOLPH.

If you a lady's love retain, she must
Be closely watched as discontented nun,
And married when she first says yes.

LUCIEN.

She who could not be truthful for a year,
I would not marry. What think you of that?

RUDOLPH.

Then you are labelled Bachelor.

LUCIEN.

Better be Bachelor than have some wives.

RUDOLPH.

True; if I were one, Bachelor I'd stay
For life. Marriage is Hell's gateway.

LUCIEN.

To some it is; to others, Heaven's.

RUDOLPH.

Have you seen Lillian?

LUCIEN.

Yes.

RUDOLPH.

In scorn she turned from you?

LUCIEN.

Nay, she was moaning to the throbbing sea.
She threw her arms around my neck, and tears
Her words o'erflooded.

RUDOLPH.

My scoffing ends. You are victorious;
The World *is* good.

LUCIEN.

The blind have sight restored.

RUDOLPH.

Thy future plans?

LUCIEN:

I love the throbings of the great World's heart,
But more the calmness of repose.

RUDOLPH.

Ah, will you let your genius thus expire,
Like flower that blooms to die?

LUCIEN.

Nay, far from jarring thoughts of gold and men,
En rapport with Nature and Nature's God,
I can indite immortal truths, and teach
Mankind the path of right.

RUDOLPH.

Perhaps the ages will bestow great praise
For such heroic efforts at reform;
But if you would be known, write hymns on wars,
On passing scenes, and butchery of men;
On men who rob the Toiler to build schools
To educate the Toiler's honest sons —
Though idiot in mind, or knave at heart,
Join with the people's praise, and call him Good, —
Great man! benevolent and good as God;
Heaven is not large enough to hold his soul!

LUCIEN.

I'd rather be the sparrow in the hedge,
Unknown, unheard beyond the thorny spray,
Than eagle, soaring in the thunder clouds,
Upborne by servile praise.
Thoughts great and marvellous loud cry for light,

And when full fledged, mine is to send them forth
To search the flood, and rest where they find soil.

RUDOLPH.

May Poesy smile on you and your love,
And Common Sense stock well your mind with thoughts.

I've purchased a new book — come in and see 't —
As fraught with sense as sunbeams are with light.
I bought it for my Helen to peruse,
Hoping it would improve her faulty taste.

SCENE XIII.

Home of RUDOLPH. — *Afternoon.* HELEN and

RUDOLPH.

RUDOLPH.

The world is all on fire about a book.
Somebody's written, and no one knows who;
The literati hum like swarming bees,
And guess and query who the author is.

HELEN.

Its title?

RUDOLPH.

“Lindenwold, an Autograph of Real Life.”

HELEN.

I read a notice of it, high in praise.

RUDOLPH.

A notice! notices are bought like corn;
A puff for so much, portioned to degree.
But you must read this work; I strongly urge;
[*Hands it to her.*
It is immortal; and with laurel crown
The servile world will deck its author's brow.

HELEN.

I have no interest in it.

RUDOLPH.

You must read.

HELEN.

Nay, I care not.

RUDOLPH.

You appreciate it not.

HELEN.

I wrote it, Rudolph.

RUDOLPH.

Wrote it — you — you wrote it!
Blind fool! and I am vanquished! I submit;
Ah, Helen, pardon! [*Attempts to embrace her.*

HELEN.

Stand off; your darling pride alone is touched.
When I was nothing, you deserted me,
Alone to drag my weary limbs across
The desert wastes, up mountain steep defiles,
Through sleety rains, and hail, and drifting snows;
But now I've safely reached the summit grand,
You rush to catch the thunders of your wife's
Applause. Away! you are unmated yet!
I am the Helen of a year ago;
Thou niggard soul, to steal my hard-earned fame!

RUDOLPH.

Helen, O Helen, you will drive me mad.
My early love returns. I'm in the wrong
Have been a monstrous tyrant to your trust,
While you have been an angel, suffering all.

HELEN.

To speak is easy, but the doing, hard;
One loving act is worth all sugared words
That can be stacked 'tween earth and sky.
I judge from actions in the dismal past;
You said I'd been a drag since first we met;
That I was bound, dependent for my bread;
Now I rely on self, and — you are free!

RUDOLPH.

Helen, Helen!

HELEN.

Do not appeal to me — my heart is steel.
The sneer was on your lip ; your words were gall ;
And when friends asked why it was thus, you said,
I was the guilty wretch ; the withering blight,
Who, like a baleful comet, crossed your path,
Blasting your dreams of bliss, your hopes of heaven ;
A clog was I that tied the eagle down.
The chain is severed ; Eagle, mount aloft !

RUDOLPH.

My heart is changed ; ne'er scorn or sneer I more.
Helen, forgive the brutal past, and I
Will make a cloudless sunshine evermore
Within thy peerless soul.

HELEN.

Such words were better spoke a year ago.
A starving beggar supplicated alms
Of one who boasted of his million's store,
And was thrust from the door with blows and scorn.
The friendless beggar heired a vast estate ;
Then came the millionaire, and servile bowed.
What think of meanness sunk as low as this ?
Speak ! I will make you judge of Rudolph's fate.

RUDOLPH.

I stand condemned. Your trust have I abused,
And been a tyrant.

HELEN.

If you love, show your love in gentle acts;
I will not hear such vapid nonsense now,
Though it entranced my early years. Rudolph,
We are no longer bound; we must be free,
Yet I'll not sever quite the marriage tie,
But it shall be, conditionally, yet unchanged.

RUDOLPH.

Impose whate'er you will, I will submit;
To gain your love I'll wear the hardest yoke—
E'en bend a galley slave.

HELEN.

My conditions are,
Whene'er we wish to part we part;
And we together 'll dwell so long as Peace
And holiest Love are household gods.

RUDOLPH.

You shall be free as air, and I
Will chain the past with bonds of love.

[Approaching.]

Helen!

HELEN.

[Throws herself weeping into his arms.]

The gods have listened to my fervent prayers!
An ocean of delight o'erfloods my soul;
Its hunger is appeased, its thirst is slaked.

RUDOLPH.

A false Philosophy, which thousands wreck,
Drew me unconscious in its maelstrom jaws;
I looked through colored glasses, and the world
Appeared involved in gloom. My sight's restored;
The year has waned from black December's gloom
To sportive May, and flowers are springing up.

HELEN.

A walk, my Rudolph, in the bracing air,
Would please me, though the wind blows strong, and
 sways
The trees in cadence to its ocean voice.
I wish to stand again beneath their boughs,
With Rudolph by my side, as wont of yore.

RUDOLPH.

And there we'll blot out wizard Memory's page,
And be as happy as in other days.

HELEN.

Yes; Love obliterates all wounds and scars;
It clothes Deformity with Beauty's garb;
Supplies deficiency of limb and wit;
Of honor, wealth, of name, of loveliness;
All that I've craved or eager asked, believe
You have become to me. Here; clasp my hand;
The winds no longer rack the tortured trees;
Let us away. [*Exit.*

SCENE XIV.

A quiet Room in a Cottage. — Evening. LUCIEN,
LILLIAN, HELEN and RUDOLPH.

LUCIEN.

My Beautiful, I see a thoughtful shade,
Like shadow on a snowdrop, dim thy face.
What means it that a black-winged thought should come
Among the bright ones on our wedding day?
We want no mourners for our wedding guests.

LILLIAN.

Never was houris in abode of bliss,
With kings for lovers, half as blest as I;
And if a thoughtfulness lurks in my eyes,
You'll find no sadness there.

Would wearied dove,
With weak wings drooping from its painful flight,
Pine when it found its ark?

I can but think
About the mighty thing we've done to-day;
We pledged before the shrine of human law
To love each other until life expires,
And that will *never* be; when suns go out,
And from the banner of the night the stars
Are shed; when worlds in ruin fall, and all
Creation sleeps in endless night, our souls
Shall rise above the crash of Nature's doom,

And still be wedded in the spirit-land.
A mighty vow we took; yet not unsaid
I'd have it for the treasures of the deep.

LUCIEN.

'Tis holy ground on which we henceforth tread,
And it is ours to keep it undefiled.

No longer for myself alone I live,
Like a lone hermit, courting wan-faced Thought,
But more, my Lillian, to make you blest,
And have you love me for my pains.
And as I tread the garden of your heart,
Charmed with its flowers of feeling, I will crush
Not one sweet blossom, e'en the frailest one;
The object of my future life shall be
To realize your girlish dreams, and be
Appreciative, loving, true to thee.

LILLIAN.

O, it is sweet, when Woman's gushing soul
O'erflows with loving acts, to know the one
Whom she would deluge with her love,
Appreciates each kindness, though it be
As trivial as cooking dainty bits,
Or broidering slippers for the evening hours.
I'd have thee loving; for a woman's heart
Is such a tropic plant it cannot live
And flourish, bearing rich and beauteous fruits,
Save in the warming sunshine which is love:

And true to me! I know you cannot turn,
More than an angel's soul, from Truth.

LUCIEN.

If there were magic in a wish, my love,
How would you frame my soul?

LILLIAN.

Why, just as 'tis;
I'd have thee all the masculine of earth, —
The storm, the whirlwind, mighty in its power,
The adamant, the oak, the thunder's tone,
Stern as the rocks, which brave the breakers' strength,
Yet gentle as a lamb in sunny May;
Strong as a lion in defence of truth,
Yet loving as a maid on moonlit eve.

LUCIEN.

What wouldst thou be?

LILLIAN.

The zephyr, and the calm,
The azure sky, the dimpled, smiling lake,
The constant moon, a planet pale, and true
To its own orbit, whose centre is thee.

LUCIEN.

Enthusiastic Lillian! we have
A sacred vow unto each other pledged,

Now in life's morning time, with hearts all love.
'Tis said that marriage clips the wings of love,
But 'neath its sunlight ours will grow full-fledged,
And we will make the golden chain which binds
Our hearts bright with devoted deeds;
'The sun of pure conjugal love now shines
Brighter than June-day sunshine o'er our path.

LILLIAN.

Do you remember, a few years ago,
To Rudolph it arose as bright as ours;
But suddenly it met the blinding mists,
And after wading for a time in gloom,
Became obscure, alas! and ever since
Thunders have rolled, and lightnings flashed around
His darksome path.-

LUCIEN.

Canst tell me why?
Point out the shoals which wrecked his peace, and we
Will steer our life-boat round them, if we can.

LILLIAN.

Helen was beautiful, and young as I,
And in her bosom beat as warm a heart,
Which Rudolph won, and ever since has kept,
Though, if he could, he'd toss it idly by,
As lightly as an unprized gift.

They wed;
And when slight difference in thought arose,

As all may look for, and which is no harm,
Instead of trying to assimilate,
He dashed off, comet-like, away from her,
In the orbit of a false philosophy,
Which ever since he's kept, as you well know,
Saying they were mismated, and he clogged,
In bondage to a brainless girl, his wife
In eyes of law, but not in truth.
Could intellect unfold in such an air?
Could love-flowers blossom 'neath such chilling snows?

LUCIEN.

If he were highest on the plain of Thought,
He should have taken her extended hand,
As lovingly as when he asked her love,
And led her upward to his higher sphere.

LILLIAN.

Then I shall look for mercy at your hands.

LUCIEN.

Selfish ambition curses many souls;
From feverish aspirings we'll be free,
Here in this quiet cottage 'mong the trees,
Nor try to grasp the stars, nor mount God's throne.

LILLIAN.

Ah! live without a voice among the throng!
We here can write our thoughts, and vassal steam

Will scatter them around, as farmer sows
The grain on mellow field.

LUCIEN.

If I should have a wise and noble thought
To guest with me, I'd give the stranger room;
And if acquaintanceship it goodly bore
I'd give it wings, if not confine it close;
I'll never write for thunders of applause!
What count they? Men are ever shouting names,
But Fame is seldom constant to her pets;
I'll never write for writing's sake alone,
But if I have a thought to write, I'll use
The fewest and most graphic words, compressed
Into the smallest compass. When I've said
All that I have to say, I'll stop! nor tire
My readers with high-sounding words.

LILLIAN.

The World should pension you for that resolve.

LUCIEN, (*rising.*)

After this dish of conversation we
Will take our dessert. [*Embracing her.*
We've been quite stoical for new-wed pair;
But in my heart has glowed a tropic heat
Which is just creeping out.
[*Drawing her closer to his bosom.*

By all the stars,
You're fairer than young Spring.

LILLIAN.

Love me still more! my willing ear is listening
To catch each word of thy impassioned tone;
And with glad tears my dewy eye is glistening
To know I tread not Love's bright halls *alone*.

Love me yet more! for from my early childhood
I've been as lonely as a mourning dove,
Roaming in silence through Youth's tangled wild-
wood,
With nothing but the birds and flowers to love.

The bright ideals of my own creation
Were always draped with Love's sweet witchery;
But voiceless lips ne'er woke the wild vibration,
Which shakes my heartstrings when you speak
to me.

Homeless I wandered on in the world-real,
With few faint sunbeams goldening my way,
To find a shadow of my high ideal
Who'd bid the wanderer in his heart to stay.

Love me still more! thy thrilling words come stealing
Into my heart, all tenantless for years,

Bringing the news — most heavenly revealing!
That some one loves me, and I give thee tears!

LUCIEN.

Love thee still more?
How can I when my being melts
All into thine;
And 'tis the highest bliss e'er felt,
To call thee mine.

Love thee still more?
Then would my selfhood be forgot
At thy dear shrine;
For even now I have no *heart* —
'Tis thine, all thine.

Love thee still more?
What greater effort shall I make
To prove it thee?
Pluck jewels from the brow of Fame
And spangle thee!

Love thee still more?
I cannot, all I am is thine —
Forever thine!
And 'tis Existence's sweetest boon
To call thee mine.

[*The door bell rings, and LILLIAN opens the door.*

LILLIAN.

Rudolph and Helen !

LUCIEN.

Good spirits come on eyes
As calm, and sweet, and starry as to-night ;
And sure, I'd rather see you than two saints
From Heaven's blissful heart.

RUDOLPH.

We have been out
Beneath the shadow of the night to see
If we'd forgotten how to talk of love.

LILLIAN, (*turning to HELEN.*)

Sounds it as sweetly as in early days ?

HELEN.

Its words are just as golden, and my ear
Drinks in their melody far greedier
Than when 'twas fed by Flattery and Praise.
I have so longed for Love ! so prayed for Love !
But for so long a time it was eclipsed
That now it dazzles me !

RUDOLPH.

I have been blind as any clumsy bat
To all my Helen's nobleness and wit,

And likely should have been so even now
Had not the World, that close discernor, roared
It in my ears.

LUCIEN.

And Pride unsealed
Your haughty eyes!

RUDOLPH.

Pride was the outer door at which she knocked,
And soon I found she was an angel guest ;
And I will love her while existence burns.
I'll heal the ruthless wounds my hands have made.
She is the very soul of truthfulness !
None but a noble woman could be true
While I was shaking like a star in waves,
And prating of a dark philosophy,
Which, like a glutton, ate all other thoughts.

LUCIEN.

These hobbies, Rudolph, are dangerous things
When they bestride one's shoulders, urging on
Their poor admirers, armed with whip and spur,
Into absurdities they can't perceive,
And over inconsistencies which never jolt ;
There's many a poor unfortunate, who chafes
Beneath his hobby, but he cannot tell
E'en what the matter is.

But, Rudolph, you
By some strange magic have been barely freed
In time to save sinking Domestic Peace.

LILLIAN.

And you, sweet Helen, then are loved again!
O, I could weep for joy!

My own sweet cup
Of bliss is wreathed with buds of gladness for thy joy.

LUCIEN.

O, there is much of God within the soul;
And this old World is quite a decent thing,
With all its blotches, ulcered wounds, and scars;
And be it ours most cautiously to guard
Our lives that we may not deface it more.

HELEN.

Lillian, now attune your pet guitar,
And improvise a song — a good-night song —
And we will leave you to the guiding Fates,
Forever thankful to you for the good
And happiness you've shed into our hearts.

LILLIAN, (*sings.*)

The Dove that flew away
Has back returned,
And lit the love-fires play
Which e'er will burn.

No storm of earth shall part,
No fault divide;
Reason shall be our bark
And Love our guide.

THE END.

